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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

APRIL 1917

Indictment	Muriel Stuart
In the World (I)	Maxim Gorki
Casualty	Arthur Eckersley
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Diet and Insomnia

¶ "Allenburys" Diet is specially recommended as a remedy for insomnia. Old age and a nervous temperament are often responsible for sleeplessness, although insomnia as frequently attacks youth in these strenuous days. Before going to bed, therefore, it is a good plan to take a cup of "Allenburys" Diet. This complete and easily digested food soothes the nerves, promotes calm sleep, and ensures digestive rest—"a consummation devoutly to be wished." It can be had from 1*s.* 6*d.* a tin from all chemists, or direct from Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., E.C.

Spring Modes for Children

¶ The Easter holiday term is short, and it is certain that much of it will be spent shopping for the children. It is a good plan, therefore, to write to Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, for their special book on "Children's and Young Ladies' Clothes," in which a number of really useful and serviceable school frocks and suits in exclusive designs, made from thoroughly reliable British and French materials, are illustrated. There are dainty dresses from 15*s.* 11*d.* made in pretty striped cotton washing materials, suitable for children from five to seven years of age. There are smart little linen frocks in all shades from 31*s.* 9*d.*, and the daintiest frilly frocks, in fancy cotton voiles, trimmed with coloured ribbons to match, from 29*s.* 6*d.* A one-piece frock in navy serge, with coloured wool embroidery trimming, is good value at 49*s.* 6*d.* in 33-inch size, and there is a charmingly designed dress in Shantung in the same size and 36 and 39-inch at three guineas. This has a gathered skirt and a plain bodice, with a bird worked on the yoke in coloured silks, and a plaited girdle of Shantung to match. There are tub-frocks for big girls and cotton crêpe morning dresses at very moderate prices, and some very effective models in good quality embroidered voile in white and colours. Altogether, this booklet of fashions for the young will be of invaluable assistance to all concerned with school outfits.

Black Diamonds

¶ The recent appointment by the Government of a Board of Fuel Research with wide powers indicates that the problem of conserving our coal supply, the greatest source of our material prosperity, is at last to be seriously considered.

Two chief causes of waste which will have to be attacked in any scheme of reform are the boiler furnace and the domestic grate. When coal is consumed in its crude state products of the highest industrial value are totally lost. Dyes, drugs, sulphate of am-

A Gift from you of £18 will maintain one lad or girl for a year.

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Old boys from the Society are now serving in nearly every vessel of the British Navy and in 100 British Regiments. Nine were in the East Surreys, the famous regiment that dribbled the football to the German trenches. Many old boys have been wounded, and several have already given their lives for their country.

AN URGENT APPEAL. The Society is in great need of funds. There is a deficit of £4,000 in the maintenance account.

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monia for agricultural use, cyanides for the extraction of gold, and the benzol and toluol which are so essential now as the bases for high explosives, and will be so valuable later in the dyeing trades and as a source of home-produced motor fuel, are all among the products destroyed or volatilised to pollute the atmosphere through industrial and domestic chimneys; whereas, if the coal is treated at the gasworks all these substances are recovered for use in addition to the production of gas and coke for fuel.
The British Commercial Gas Association of 47, Victoria Street, S.W., an advisory and research body representing the chief gas undertakings of the United Kingdom, has been for some time past doing a great deal of propaganda work in this direction, and will doubtless furnish further information to any interested reader. It is certain that if the fuel question is tackled in a commonsense way the result must be economy of the national wealth, increase of our industrial resources, cheapening of the cost of power and heat, and purification of the atmosphere in large towns—all of them very desirable aims.

National Refugees

¶ At the present time 1200 lads and girls are being fed, clothed and trained into useful British citizens at the homes of the National Refugees and in the training ships "Arethusa" and "Chichester." Each one of these boys or girls can be maintained for a year on £18—a gift which is most urgently desired. The Society is in great need of funds, as there is a deficit of £4,000 in the maintenance account. Old boys from the Society are now serving in nearly every vessel of the British Navy and in 100 British regiments. Nine were in the East Surreys, the famous regiment that dribbled the football to the German trenches. Many old boys have been wounded and several have already given their lives for their country. All who can should help this deserving Society, which is under the patronage of the King and Queen. Amounts large or small will be gratefully received by the Secretaries, H. Bristow Wallen and Henry G. Copeland, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Hats and the Spring

¶ Spring hats are the first articles of wearing apparel to which a woman's thoughts turn. Some ardent economists suggest that we might introduce the mantilla until the war ended; but there is a story told of a priest once insisting on this in a church in Chili, with the result that women came later to church and spent much more money on expensive scarves. Hats can be very simple and inexpensive, and even if a guinea or two is expended on them they are generally well worth that price and last the season, always looking smart and shapely. Millinery this spring is very plain, but very fascinating, and some of the new models at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, are particularly attractive. There are many after the Russian style, which are distinctive and becoming. A black satin, for instance, with a wide top crown and a pearl ornament is delightful, while a brown satin with steel embroidery is rather highwayman in style. A navy satin, with sharp turn-up in front and a bead-edged ribbon strap across for trimming, is novel, and there is another smart hat in deep green satin with a grey chenille ornament in front. A big grey satin picture hat, with a Russian blue velvet band, is one among many picturesque satin models. There is a dainty hat at two and a half guineas in green crèpe de chine with a draped crown and ribbon velvet edging the brim, and a big hat in all black tulle with bead embroidery and a tiny tulle curtain edge is particularly graceful in line.

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend

First Luncher. Hello!

Second. Hello yourself!—well, what about it?

First. Oh, the war? . . . pretty good, I think! . . . what price Little Willie now?

Second. Oh, I dunno, I'm fed up with it—why can't you blighters get a move on?

First. Doing our bit, anyhow . . . (*confidentially*) doubled our output in the last month.

Second. Building again?

First. Na-poo! . . Up-to-date methods, that's all . . . New man came . . looked us all over . . "What's the capacity of your gas main?" he says . . . Thought he was a bit off at first, but . . *his* head's screwed on all right!

Second. What was he gettin' at?

First. Gas, my boy—gas furnaces and gas engines all over the shop—saved no end of space and two stokers' wages . . . simply first chop . . . regular heat easily controlled and steady reliable power all the time.

Second. Gummy! Anything else?

First. Yes . . . a whole lot of patent gas heated machinery . . . Take welding, f'rinstance—I look after that . . . welding bayonets to the handles y'know . . . We've got a new scheme for it—gas blow-pipes, flames impinging on the bayonet—does the work in a quarter the time . . . reg'lar cute I call it.

Second. Brings the heat to the bench?

First. Right to your hand—twice as easy to work—and clean as a pin . . . Not only *us* . . . from what the gas sharp told me, they're using gas for everything in the munition and outfit way . . . even for helmets, boots, and uniforms.

Second. You don't want gas for uniforms.

First. You *do*, my boy—for singeing the threads and tentering the cloth.

Second. Tentering?

First. Stretching the cloth . . . they use the gas for driving the steam and moisture out of it, y'know. (*Impressively*) There's nothing in the manufacturing way you can't use gas for one way or the other. If people only knew . . .

Second (*sarcastically*). "Keep the gas fires burnin'!"

First. Joke away, my boy . . . it's gas that's helped us to catch up the Huns—and beat them too!

Second. "*Je pense que non*," old penny-in-the-slot . . . they're not beat *yet* and they won't be if you don't get on with it . . . so long!

(*They get on with it.*)

First: Keep the gas fires burning!

Second: Joke away, my boy—It's gas that helped us to catch up the Huns—and beat 'em too!

Artistic Nursery Furniture

¶ Child welfare has never been studied so assiduously and carefully as it is to-day. Nursery furnishing and decoration are no longer left to chance, but designed and made by experts. Years ago anything did for the nursery—old furniture—often unhygienic—discarded pictures, unsuitable curtains and carpets were turned over to the children's use, and more often than not the room itself was badly chosen. Now we are beginning to realise how much a child owes to healthy, wholesome surroundings; how youthful taste can be educated to appreciate artistic and beautiful things, and how simplicity, above all things, should be the note in furnishing both night and day nurseries. The impressions made on the child-mind are very lasting, and the long, long days spent in the nursery should be happy to remember. Messrs. Heal and Son, Ltd., have devoted much time and attention to nursery furniture, and in their spacious new showrooms, which are just completed, at Tottenham Court Road, many tasteful schemes for day and night nurseries are displayed. The furniture for the most part is unpolished oak, made in good, old, simple patterns, and entirely practical and hygienic, because it can be washed, if a little judicious care is exercised in the process. The tables are made with rounded corners, and some of the chairs in the old Windsor design are very attractive. A baby's high-chair of this pattern is quite a moderately priced model at 13*s.* 6*d.*, and a very good low unpolished play-table chair at 30*s.* is a novelty, easily wheeled about by the children themselves. There are some splendid toy cupboards, as well as clever and original painted wooden toys, designed and made by Messrs. Heal and Son. A dovecot is a pretty example of these. There are simple dressers and bookcases, and a really practical work-table, with flaps and drawer and commodious sliding work-bag, is a valuable piece of nursery furniture at £4 5*s.* It is steady enough to hold a machine and large enough for cutting-out, and yet it takes up very little room. A folding safety-cot with sliding sides is excellent for the night nursery, and there are compact clothes-cupboards, all in unpolished oak to match. Plain grey cork carpet is suggested at Heal's as the ideal floor covering, on which there are artistic rush mats—quite a good size can be secured at 9*s.* 6*d.* Even the crockery is specially designed and selected for the nursery. The bedroom ware is very dainty, and nothing could be more delightful than the Lavender tableware, which it is possible to buy in odd pieces. The deep honey-buff Wedgwood ware is equally fascinating and most practical in shape. The Zoo nursery set, comprising milk jug, mug, porridge bowl and 7-in. plate at 8*s.* 6*d.* is very special also, and mention should be made of big, plain glass dairy milk pans, which are very decorative, used as fruit or salad bowls. These are quite moderately priced. There are, of course, fabrics for the nursery for curtains in simple check and striped patterns and colourful chintzes, while a very charming series of English prints has been designed by Spencer Watson, and other well-known artists, for the nursery walls. Anyone who is interested in nursery furniture should write for the Nursery Book, a fully-illustrated guide to the special styles designed by Messrs. Heal and Son.

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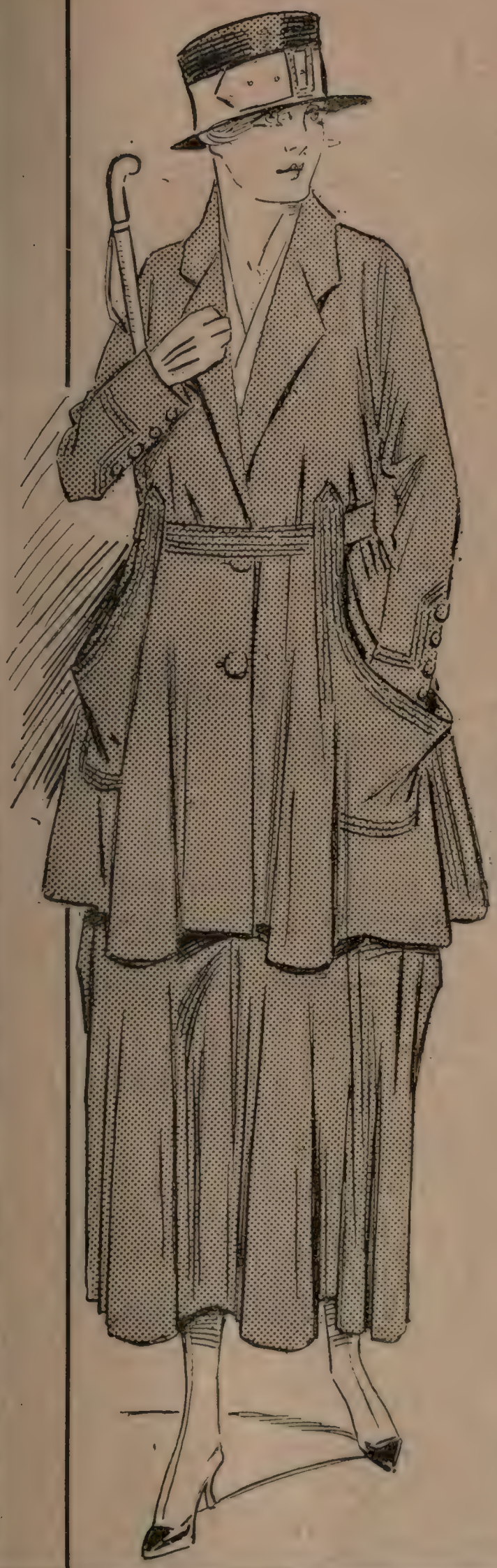

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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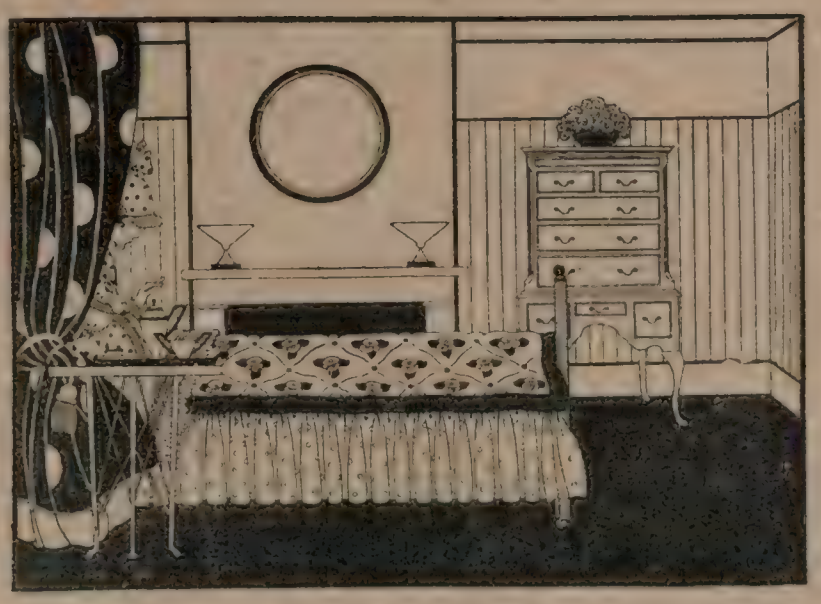

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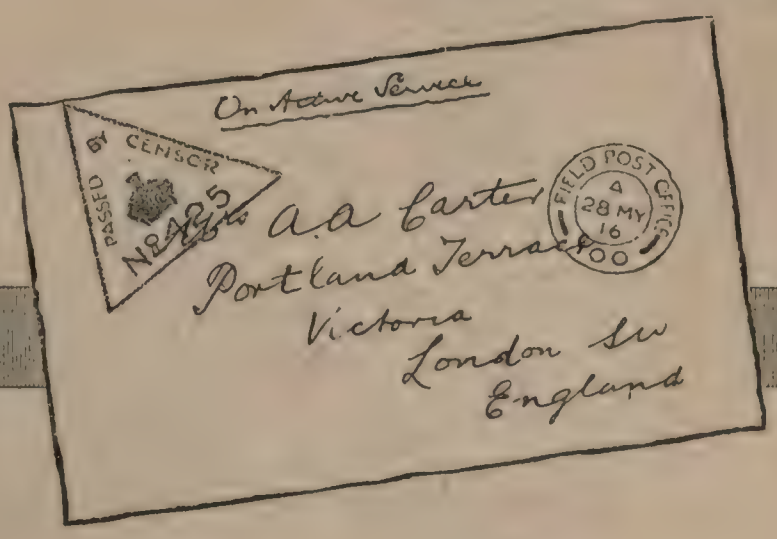

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ENGLISH REVIEW

APRIL, 1917

Indictment

By Muriel Stuart

IN women is it Chastity you prize?—
The unapproachable white purities,—
A vestal moon foresworn of celibate skies—
The ice that spurns remote and barren seas?
Can Chastity cool your kisses, slake your sighs?
And when, at last, o'ertaken and embraced,
We give you burning lips, wild words and eyes,
In your arms lying, would you have us chaste?

If it were Chastity filled your treasuries,
Possession would be Prize instead of Prey;
You would be wise and clean, and we should go
Free of your lusts and importunities,
Nor trace the dubious paths we take to-day
From your first careless footsteps in the snow.

In the World (i)*

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

CHAPTER I

And so I went out in the world as "shop-boy" at a fashionable boot-shop in the main street of the town.

My master was a small, round man; he had a brown, rugged face, green teeth, and watery, mud-coloured eyes. At first I thought he was blind, and to see if my supposition were correct I made a grimace.

"Don't pull your face about!" he said to me gently but sternly. The thought that those dull eyes could see me was unpleasant, and I did not want to believe that this was the case. Was it not more than probable that he had guessed that I was making grimaces?

"I told you not to pull your face about," he said again, hardly moving his thick lips.

"Don't scratch your hands," his dry whisper came to me as it were stealthily. "You are serving in a first-class shop in the main street of the town, and you must not forget it. The door-boy ought to stand like a statue."

I did not know what a statue was, and I couldn't help scratching my hands, which were covered with red pimples and sores, for they had been simply devoured by vermin.

"What did you do for a living when you were at home?" asked my master, looking at my hands.

I told him, and he shook his round head, which was closely covered with grey hair, and said in a shocked voice:

"Rag-picking! Why, that is worse than begging or stealing!"

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

I informed him, not without pride:

"But I stole as well."

At this he laid his hands on his desk, looking just like a cat with her paws up, and fixed his eyes on my face with a terrified expression as he whispered:

"Wh—a—t? How did you steal?"

I explained how and what I had stolen.

"Well, well, I look upon that as nothing but a prank. But if you rob me of boots or money I will have you put in prison and kept there for the rest of your life."

He said this quite calmly, and I was frightened and did not like him any more.

Besides the master, there were serving in the shop my cousin, Sascha Jaakov, and the senior assistant, a competent, unctuous individual with a red face. Sascha now wore a brown frock-coat, a false shirt-front, a cravat, and long trousers, and he was too proud to take any notice of me.

When grandfather had brought me to my master he had asked Sascha to help me and to teach me, and Sascha had frowned with an air of importance as he said warningly:

"He will have to do what I tell him then."

Laying his hand on my head, grandfather had forced me to bend my neck.

"You are to obey him; he is older than you both in years and experience."

And Sascha said to me with a nod:

"Don't forget what grandfather has said." And he lost no time in profiting by his seniority.

"Kashirin, don't look so goggle-eyed," his master would advise him.

"I—I'm all right," Sascha would mutter, putting his head down. But the master would not leave him alone.

"Don't butt—the customers will think you are a goat."

The assistant smiled respectfully, the master stretched his lips in a hideous grin, and Sascha, livid, retreated behind the counter. I did not like the tone of these conversations, many of the words they used were unintelligible to me, and sometimes they seemed to be speaking in a strange language. When a lady customer came in the master would take his hands out of his pockets, tug at

his moustache, and fix a sweet smile upon his face—a smile which wrinkled his cheeks, but did not change the expression of his dimmed eyes. The assistant would draw himself up, with his elbows pressed closely against his sides, and his wrists respectfully dangling; Sascha would blink shyly, trying to hide his protruding eyes, while I would stand at the door, surreptitiously scratching my hands and observing the ceremonial of selling.

Kneeling before the customer, the assistant would try on shoes with wonderfully deft fingers. He touched the foot of the woman so carefully that his hands trembled, as if he were afraid of breaking her leg; but the leg was stout enough—it looked like a bottle with sloping shoulders turned neck downwards.

One of these ladies pulled her foot away one day, shrieking:

"Oh, you are tickling me!"

"That is—because—you are so sensitive," the assistant explained hastily, with warmth.

It was comical to watch him fawning upon the customers, and I had to turn and look through the glass of the door to keep myself from laughing. But something used to draw me back to watch the sale. The proceedings of the assistant were very interesting, and while I looked at him I was thinking that I should never be able to make my fingers move so delicately, or so deftly put boots on other people's feet.

It often happened that the master went away from the shop into a little room behind the shop, and he would call Sascha to him, leaving the assistant alone with the customer. Once, lingering over the foot of a red-haired woman, he took it between his fingers and kissed it.

"Oh," breathed the woman, "what a bold man you are!"

And he puffed out his cheeks and emitted a long-drawn-out sound:

"O—o—h!"

At this I laughed so much that to keep my feet I had to hang on to the handle of the door, which flew open, and my head knocked against one of the panes of glass and broke it. The assistant stamped his foot at me, my master hit me on the head with his heavy gold ring, and

Sascha tried to pull my ears, and in the evening when we were on our way home he said to me sternly:

"You will lose your place for doing things like that. I'd like to know where the joke comes in." And then he explained, "If ladies take a fancy to the assistant it is good for trade. A lady may not be in need of boots, but she comes in and buys what she does not want just to have a look at the assistant who pleases her. But you—you can't understand! One puts oneself out for you and——"

This incensed me—no one put himself out for me, and he least of all.

In the morning the cook, a sickly, disagreeable woman, used to call me first; I had to clean the boots and brush the clothes of the master, the assistant, and Sascha, get the samovar ready, bring in wood for all the stoves, and wash up. When I got to the shop I had to sweep the floor, dust, get the tea ready, carry goods to the customers, and go home to fetch the dinner, my duty at the door being taken in the meantime by Sascha, who, finding it lowering to his dignity, rated me:

"Lazy young wretch! I have to do all your work for you."

This was a wearisome, dull life for me. I was accustomed to live independently in the sandy streets of Kunavin, on the banks of the turbid Oka, in the fields or woods, from morning to night. I was parted from grandmother and from my comrades. I had no one to speak to, and life was showing me her seamy, false side. There were occasions on which a customer went away without making a purchase, when all three would feel themselves affronted. The master would put his sweet smile away in his pocket as he said:

"Kashirin, put these things away."

Then he would grumble:

"There's a pig of a woman! The fool found it dull sitting at home, so she must come and turn our shop upside down! If you were my wife I'd give you something!"

His wife, a dried-up woman with black eyes and a large nose, simply made a door-mat of him, and used to scold him as if he were a servant.

Often after he had shown out a frequent customer with polite bows and pleasant words, they would all begin to

talk about her in a vile and shameless manner, arousing in me a desire to run into the street after her and tell her what they said. I knew, of course, that people generally speak evil of one another behind each other's backs, but these spoke of everyone in a particularly revolting manner, as if they were in the front rank of good people and had been appointed to judge the rest of the world. Envious of many of them, they were never known to praise anyone, and knew something bad about everyone.

One day there came to the shop a young woman with bright, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, attired in a velvet cloak with a collar of black fur—and her face rose out of the fur like a wonderful flower. When she had thrown the cloak off her shoulders and handed it to Sascha she looked still more beautiful; her fine figure was fitted tightly with a blue-grey silk robe, diamonds sparkled in her ears—she reminded me of "Vassilissa the Beautiful," and I could have believed that she was in truth the governor's wife. They received her with particular respect, bending before her as if she were a bright light, and almost choking themselves in their hurry to get out polite words. All three rushed about the shop like wild things: their reflections bobbed up and down in the glass of the cupboard. But when she left, after having bought some expensive boots in a great hurry, the master, smacking his lips, whistled and said:

"Bitch!"

"An actress—that sums her up," said the assistant contemptuously. And they began to talk of the lovers of the lady and the luxury in which she lived.

After dinner the master went to sleep in the room behind the shop, and I, opening his gold watch, poured vinegar into the works. It was a moment of supreme joy to me when he awoke and came into the shop with his watch in his hand, muttering wildly:

"What can have happened? My watch is all wet. I never remember such a thing happening before. It is all wet—it will be ruined."

In addition to the burden of my duties in the shop and the housework, I was weighed down by depression, and often thought it would be a good idea to behave so badly that I should get my dismissal. Snow-covered people

passed the door of the shop without making a sound. They looked as if they were going to someone's funeral, meaning to accompany the body to the grave, but had been delayed, and being late for the funeral procession were hurrying to the graveside. The horses quivered with the effort of making their way through the snowdrifts. From the belfry of the church behind the shop the bells rang out with a melancholy sound every day. It was Lent, and every stroke of the bell fell upon my brain as if it had been a pillow, not hurting, but stupefying and deafening me. One day when I was in the yard unpacking a case of new goods just received, at the door of the shop the watchman of the church, a crooked old man, as soft as if he were made of rags and as ragged as if he had been torn to pieces by dogs, approached me:

"Are you going to be kind and steal some goloshes for me?" he asked.

I was silent. He sat down on an empty case, yawned, made the sign of the cross over his mouth, and repeated:

"Will you steal them for me?"

"It is wrong to steal," I informed him.

"But people steal all the same. Old age must have its compensations."

He was pleasantly different from the people amongst whom I lived; I felt that he had a firm belief in my readiness to steal, and I agreed to hand him the goloshes through the window.

"That's right," he said calmly, without enthusiasm. "You are not deceiving me? No, I see that you are not."

He was silent for a moment, trampling the dirty, wet snow with the soles of his boots. Then he lit a long pipe and suddenly startled me:

"But suppose it is I who deceive you? Suppose I take the goloshes to your master and tell him that you have sold them to me for half a rouble? What then? Their price is two roubles, and you have sold them for half a rouble? As a present, eh?"

I gazed at him dumbly, as if he had already done what he said he would do, and he went on talking gently through his nose, looking at his boots, and blowing out blue smoke.

"Suppose, for example, that your master has said to

me, 'Go and try that youngster and see if he is a thief'? What then?"

"I shall not give you the goloshes," I said, angry and frightened.

"You must give them now that you have promised."

He took me by the arm and drew me to him, and tapping my forehead with his cold fingers, drawled:

"What are you thinking of, with your 'take this' and 'take that'?"

"You asked me for them yourself?"

"I might ask you to do lots of things. I might ask you to come and rob the church; would you do it? Do you think you can trust everybody? Ah, you young fool!" And he pushed me away from him and stood up.

"I don't want stolen goloshes. I am not a gentleman, and I don't wear goloshes. I was only making fun of you—and for your simplicity, when Easter comes, I will let you come up into the belfry and ring the bells and look at the town."

"I know the town."

"It looks better from the belfry."

Dragging his broken boots in the snow, he went slowly round the corner of the church, and I looked after him, wondering dejectedly and fearfully whether the old man had really been making fun of me or had been sent by Master to try me. I did not want to go back to the shop.

Sascha came hurriedly into the yard and shouted:

"What the devil has become of you?"

I shook my pincers at him in a sudden access of rage. I knew that both he and the assistant robbed the master; they would hide a pair of boots or slippers in the stove pipe, and when they left the shop would slip them in the sleeves of their overcoats. I did not like this and felt alarmed about it, for I remembered the threats of the master.

"Are you stealing?" I had asked Sascha.

"Not I, but the assistant," he explained crossly. "I am only helping him. He says 'Do as I tell you,' and I have to obey. If I did not he would do me some mischief. As for Master, he was an assistant himself once, and he understands. But you hold your tongue."

As he spoke he looked in the glass and set his tie

straight with just such a movement of his naturally spreading fingers as the senior assistant employed. He was unwearying in his demonstrations of his seniority and power over me, scolding me in a bass voice, and ordering me about with threatening gestures. I was taller than he, but bony and clumsy, while he was compact, flexible, and fleshy. In his frock-coat and long trousers he seemed an important and substantial figure in my eyes, and yet there was something ludicrous and unpleasing about him. He hated the cook, a curious woman, of whom it was impossible to decide whether she were good or bad.

"What I love most in the world is a fight," she said, opening her hot black eyes wide. "I don't care what sort of fight it is—cock-fights, dog-fights, or fights between men—it is all the same to me!"

And if she saw cocks or pigeons fighting in the yard she would throw aside her work and watch the fight to the end, standing dumb and motionless at the window. In the evenings she would say to me and Sascha:

"Why do you sit there doing nothing, children? You had far better be fighting."

This used to make Sascha angry:

"I am not a child, you fool, I am junior assistant."

"That does not concern me. In my eyes, while you remain unmarried you are a child."

"Fool! Blockhead——"

"The devil is clever, but God does not love him."

Her talk was a special source of irritation to Sascha, and he used to tease her, but she would look at him contemptuously, askance, and say:

"Ugh, you beetle, one of God's mistakes!"

Sometimes he would tell me to rub blacking or soot on her face when she was asleep, stick pins into her pillow, or to play other "practical jokes" on her, but I was afraid of her; besides, she slept very lightly and used to wake up frequently, and, lighting the lamp, sit on the side of her bed, gazing fixedly at something in the corner. Sometimes she came over to me where I slept behind the stove and woke me up, asking hoarsely:

"I can't sleep, Leksyeka, I am not very well, talk to me a little."

Half asleep I used to tell her some story, and she

would sit without speaking, swaying from side to side. I had an idea that her hot body smelt of wax and incense, and that she would soon die. Every moment I expected to see her fall face downwards on the floor and die. In terror I would begin to speak loudly, but she would check me:

"S—sh! You will wake the whole place up, and they will think that you are my lover."

She always sat near me in one attitude: doubled up, with her wrists between her knees, squeezing them against the sharp bones of her legs. She had no chest, and even through the thick linen nightdress her ribs were visible, just like the ribs of a broken cask. After sitting a long time in silence she would suddenly whisper:

"What if I do die, it is a calamity which happens to all."

Or she would ask someone:

"Well, I have lived my life, haven't I?"

"Sleep!" she would say, cutting me short in the middle of a word, and, straightening herself, she would creep noiselessly across the dark kitchen.

"Witch!" Sascha used to call her behind her back.

I put the question to him:

"Why don't you call her that to her face?"

"Do you think that I am afraid to?" But a second later he said with a frown, "No, I can't say it to her face! She may really be a witch."

Treating everyone with the same scornful lack of consideration she showed no indulgence to me, but would drag me out of bed at six o'clock every morning, crying:

"Are you going to sleep for ever? Bring the wood in! Get the samovar ready! Clean the door plate!"

Sascha would wake up and complain:

"What are you bawling like that for? I will tell the master; you don't give anyone a chance to sleep."

Moving quickly about the kitchen with her lean, withered body, she would flash her blazing, sleepless eyes upon him:

"Oh, it's you, God's mistake? If you were my son I would give you something!"

Sascha would abuse her, calling her "Accursed one!" and when we were going to the shop he said to me: "We

shall have to do something to get her sent away. We'll put salt in everything when she's not looking; if everything is cooked with too much salt they will get rid of her. Or paraffin would do! What are you gaping about?"

"Why don't you do it yourself?"

He snorted angrily:

"Coward!"

The cook died under our very eyes; she bent down to pick up the samovar, and suddenly sank to the floor just as if someone had given her a blow on the chest, without uttering a word; she moved over on her side and stretched out her arms, and blood trickled from her mouth.

We both understood in a flash that she was dead, but, stupefied by terror, we gazed at her a long time without strength to say a word. At last Sascha rushed headlong out of the kitchen, and I, not knowing what to do, pressed close to the window in the light. The master came in, fussily squatted down beside her, and touched her face with his finger.

"She is dead, that is certain," he said. "What can have caused it?" And he went into the corner where hung a small image of Nikolai Chudovortz, and crossed himself, and when he had prayed he went to the door and commanded:

"Kashirin, run quickly and fetch the police!"

The police came, stamped about, received money for drinks, and went; they returned later, accompanied by a man with a cart, they lifted the cook by the legs and head, and carried her into the street. The mistress stood in the doorway and watched them. Then she said to me:

"Wash the floor!"

And the master said:

"It is a good thing that she died in the evening."

I could not understand why it was a good thing. When we went to bed Sascha said to me with unusual gentleness:

"Don't put out the lamp!"

"Are you afraid?"

He covered his head with the blanket and lay silent a long time. The night was very quiet, as if it were listening for something, waiting for something, and it seemed to me that the next minute a bell rang out, and suddenly

the whole town was running and shouting in a great terrified uproar.

Sascha put his nose out of the blanket and suggested softly:

"Let's go and lie on the stove together."

"It is hot there."

After a silence he said:

"How suddenly she went off, didn't she? I am sure she was a witch—can't get to sleep."

"Nor I either."

He began to tell tales about dead people, and how they came out of their graves and wandered till midnight about the town, seeking the place where they had lived and looking for their relations.

"Dead people can only remember the town," he said softly, "but they forget the streets and houses at once."

It became quieter and quieter, and seemed to be getting darker. Sascha raised his head and asked:

"Would you like to see what I have got in my trunk?"

I had long wanted to know what he hid in his trunk. He kept it locked with a padlock and always opened it with peculiar caution, and if I tried to peep he would ask harshly, "What do you want, eh?"

When I agreed he sat up in bed without putting his feet to the floor, and ordered me, in a tone of authority, to bring the trunk to the bed and place it at his feet. The key hung round his neck with his baptismal cross. Glancing round at the dark corners of the kitchen he frowned importantly, unfastened the lock, blew on the lid of the trunk as if it had been hot, and at length, raising it, took out several linen garments.

The trunk was half full of chemist's boxes, packets of variously coloured tea-paper, and tins which had contained blacking or sardines.

"What is it?"

"You shall see."

He put a foot on either side of the trunk and bent over it, singing softly:

"Czaru nebesnui——"

I expected to see toys; I had never possessed any toys myself, and pretended to despise them, but not without

a feeling of envy for those who did possess them. I was very pleased to think that Sascha, such a serious character, had toys, although he hid them shamefacedly; but I quite understood his shame.

Opening the first box he drew from it the frame of a pair of spectacles, put them on his nose, and, looking at me sternly, said:

"It does not matter about there not being any glasses. This is a special kind of spectacle."

"Let me look through them!"

"They would not suit your eyes. They are for dark eyes, and yours are light," he explained, and began to imitate the mistress scolding, but suddenly stopped and looked about the kitchen with an expression of fear.

In a blacking tin lay many different kinds of buttons, and he explained to me with pride:

"I picked all these up in the street! All by myself! I have already got thirty-seven."

In the third box was a large brass pin, also found in the street; hobnails, worn out, broken and whole; buckles off shoes and slippers; brass door-handles; broken bone cane-heads; girls' fancy combs; "The Dream Book and Oracle"; and many other things of like value.

When I used to collect rags I could have picked up ten times as many such useless trifles in one month. Sascha's things aroused in me a feeling of disillusion, of agitation, and painful pity for him. But he gazed at every single article with great attention, lovingly stroked them with his fingers, stuck out his thick lips importantly, his protruding eyes rested on them affectionately and solicitously, but the spectacles made his childish face look very comical.

"Why have you kept these things?"

He flashed a glance at me through the frame of the spectacles, and asked:

"Would you like me to give you something?"

"No, I don't want anything."

He was obviously offended at the refusal and the poor impression which his riches had made; he was silent a moment, then he proposed quietly:

"Get a towel and wipe them all; they are covered with dust."

When the things were all dusted and replaced he

turned over in the bed with his face to the wall. The rain was pouring down, it dripped from the roof; the wind beat against the window. Without turning towards me Sascha said:

"You wait! When it is dry in the garden I will show you a thing—something to make you gasp."

I did not answer, as I was just dropping off to sleep.

After a few seconds he started up and began to scrape the wall with his hands, and, with quivering earnestness, said:

"I am afraid—Lord, I am afraid! Lord, have mercy upon me! What is it?"

I was numbed by fear at this—I seemed to see the cook standing at the window which looked on the yard with her back to me, her head bent, and her forehead pressed against the glass, just as she used to stand when she was alive, looking at a cock-fight. Sascha sobbed and scraped on the wall. I made a great effort and crossed the kitchen as if I were walking on hot coals, without daring to look round, and lay down beside him. At length, overcome by weariness, we both fell asleep.

A few days after this there was a holiday; we were in the shop till midday, had dinner at home, and when the master had gone to sleep after dinner Sascha said to me secretly:

"Come along!"

I guessed that I was about to see the thing which was to make me gasp. We went into the garden. On a narrow strip of ground between two houses stood ten old lime trees, their stout trunks covered with green lichen, their black, naked branches sticking up lifelessly, and not one rook's nest between them. They looked like monuments in a graveyard. There was nothing besides these trees in the garden, no bushes nor grass; the earth on the pathway was trampled and black, and as hard as iron, and where the bare ground was visible under last year's leaves it was also flattened, and as smooth as stagnant water.

Sascha went to a corner of the fence which hid us from the street, stood under a lime tree, and, rolling his eyes, glanced at the dirty windows of the neighbouring house. Squatting on his haunches, he turned over a heap of leaves with his hands, disclosing a thick root, close to which were

placed two bricks deeply embedded in the ground. He lifted these up, and beneath them appeared a piece of roof iron, and under this a square board; at length a large hole opened before my eyes, running under the root of the tree.

Sascha lit a match and applied it to a small piece of wax candle, which he held over the hole as he said to me:

"Look in, only don't be frightened."

He seemed to be frightened himself; the piece of candle in his hand shook, he had turned pale, his lips drooped unpleasantly, his eyes were moist, and he stealthily put his free hand behind his back. He infected me with his terror, and I glanced very cautiously into the depths under the root which he had made into a vault, in the back of which he had lit three little tapers which filled the cave with a blue light. It was fairly broad, in depth no more than the inside of a pail, but it was broad, and the sides were closely covered with pieces of broken glass and broken earthenware. In the centre, on an elevation, covered with a piece of red cloth, stood a little coffin ornamented with silver paper, half covered with a fragment of material which looked like a brocaded pall, and from beneath this was thrust out a little grey bird's claw and the sharp-billed head of a sparrow. Behind the coffin rose a reading stand, upon which lay a brass baptismal cross, and around which burned three wax tapers, fixed in candlesticks made out of gold and silver paper which had been wrapped round sweets.

The thin flames bowed towards the entrance to the cave, the interior was faintly bright with many-coloured gleams and patches of light. The odour of wax, the warm smell of decay and soil beat against my face, made my eyes smart, and conjured up a broken rainbow which made a great display of colour. All this aroused in me such an overwhelming astonishment as dispelled my terror.

"Is it good?"

"What is it for?"

"It is a chapel," he explained. "Is it like one?"

"I don't know."

"And the sparrow is a dead person. Perhaps there will be relics from him because he suffered undeservedly."

"Did you find him dead?"

"No, he flew into the shed and I put my cap over him and smothered him."

"But why?"

"Because I chose to."

He looked into my eyes and asked again:

"Is it good?"

"No."

Then he bent over the hole, quickly covered it with the board, pressed the bricks into the earth with the iron, stood up, and, brushing the dirt from his knees, asked sternly:

"Why don't you like it?"

"I am sorry for the sparrow."

He stared at me with eyes which were perfectly stationary, like those of a blind person, and, striking my chest, cried:

"Fool, it is because you are envious that you say that you do not like it! I suppose you think that the one in your garden in Kanatnoe Street was better done?"

I remembered my summer-house and said with conviction:

"Certainly it was better."

Sascha pulled off his coat and threw it on the ground, and, turning up his sleeves, spat on his hands and said:

"If that is so we will fight about it."

I did not want to fight. My courage was undermined by depression; I felt uneasy as I looked at the wrathful face of my cousin. He made a rush at me, struck my chest with his head and knocked me over, and then he sat astride on me and cried:

"Is it to be life or death?"

But I was stronger than he and very angry; in a few minutes he was lying face downwards with his hands behind his head and a rattling in his throat. Alarmed, I tried to help him up, but he thrust me away with his hands and feet, and I grew still more alarmed. I went away to one side, not knowing what else to do, and he raised his head and spoke:

"Do you know what you have brought on yourself? I will work things so when the master and mistress are not looking that I shall have to complain of you, and then they will dismiss you."

He went on scolding and threatening me, and his words infuriated me. I rushed to the cave, took away the stones, and threw the coffin containing the sparrow over the fence into the street; I dug out all the inside of the cave and trampled it under my feet.

Sascha took my violence strangely: sitting on the ground with his mouth partly covered and his eyebrows drawn together, he watched me, saying nothing, and when I had finished he stood up without any hurry, shook out his clothes, threw on his coat, and then said calmly and ominously:

"Now you will see what will happen; just wait a little! I arranged all this for you purposely—it is witchcraft. Aha!"

I sank down as if his words had physically hurt me, and I felt quite cold inside. But he went away without glancing back at me, which accentuated his calmness still more. I made up my mind to run away from the town the next day, to run away from my master, from Sascha with his witchcraft, from the whole of that worthless, foolish life.

The next morning the new cook cried out when she called me:

"Good gracious! what have you been doing to your face?"

"The witchcraft is beginning to take effect," I thought with a sinking heart.

But the cook laughed so heartily that I also smiled involuntarily and peeped into her glass; my face was thickly smeared with soot.

"Sascha did this?" I asked.

"Or I!" laughed the cook.

When I began to clean the boots, the first boot into which I put my hand had a pin in the lining which ran into my finger.

"This is his witchcraft!"

There were pins or needles in all the boots, put in so skilfully that they always pricked my palm. Then I took a bowl of cold water and with great pleasure poured it over the head of the wizard, who was either not awake or was pretending to sleep.

But all the same I was miserable. I was always

thinking of the coffin containing the sparrow with its grey crooked claws and its waxen bill pathetically sticking upwards, and all around the coloured gleams which seemed to be trying to form themselves into a rainbow unsuccessfully. In my imagination the coffin was enlarged, the claws of the bird grew, stretched upwards quivering, they were alive.

I made up my mind to run away that evening, but in warming up some food on an oil-stove before dinner I absent-mindedly let it catch fire, and when I was trying to put the flames out I upset the contents of the vessel over my hand and had to be taken to the hospital. I remember well that oppressive nightmare of the hospital. In what seemed to be a yellow-grey wilderness there were huddled together, grumbling and groaning, grey and white figures in shrouds, while a tall man on crutches, with eyebrows like whiskers, pulled his black beard and roared:

"I will report it to His Eminence!"

The pallet beds reminded me of the coffin, and the patients, lying with their noses upwards, were like dead sparrows. The yellow walls rocked, the ceiling curved outwards like a sail, the floor rose and fell beside my cot; everything about the place was hopeless and miserable, and the twigs of trees tapped against the window like rods in someone's hand.

At the door there danced a red-haired, thin, dead person, drawing his shroud round him with his thin hands and squeaking:

"I don't want mad people."

And the man on crutches shouted in his ear:

"I shall report it to His Eminence!"

Grandfather, grandmother, and everyone had told me that they always starved people in hospitals, and I looked upon my life as finished. A woman with glasses, also in a shroud, came to me and wrote something on a slate hanging at the head of the bed. The chalk broke and fell all over me.

"What is your name?"

"I have not got a name."

"But you must have one."

"No."

"Now don't be silly, or you will be whipped."

I could well believe that they would whip me, and that is why I would not answer her. She made a hissing sound like a cat, and went out noiselessly, also like a cat.

Two lamps were lit, the yellow globes hung down from the ceiling like two eyes, hanging and winking, dazzled, and trying to get closer together.

Someone in the corner said:

"How can I play without a hand?"

"Ah, of course, they have cut off your hand."

I came to the conclusion at once that they cut off a man's hand because he played at cards! What would they do with me before they starved me?

My hands burned and smarted, just as if someone were pulling the bones out of them. I cried softly from fright and pain, and shut my eyes so that the tears should not be seen, but they forced their way through my eyelids and trickled over my temples and fell into my ears.

The night came, all the inmates threw themselves upon their pallet beds and hid themselves under grey blankets. Every minute it became quieter, only someone could be heard muttering in a corner: "It is no use—both he and she are rotters."

I would have written a letter to grandmother telling her to come and steal me from the hospital while I was still alive, but I could not write—my hands could not be used at all. I would try to find a way of getting out of the place.

The silence of the night became more intense every moment, as if it were going to last for ever. Softly putting my feet to the floor, I went to the double door, half of which was open. In the corridor under the lamp, on a wooden bench with a back to it, appeared a grey bristling head surrounded by smoke, looking at me with dark, hollow eyes. I had no time to hide myself.

"Who is that wandering about? Come here!"

The voice was not formidable; it was soft. I went to him, I saw a round face with short hair sticking out round it, on the head the hair was long and stuck out in all directions like a silver halo, and at the belt of this person hung a bunch of keys. If his beard and hair had been longer he would have looked like the Apostle Peter.

"You are the one with the burnt hands? Why are you wandering about at night? By whose authority?"

He blew a lot of smoke at my chest and face, and, putting his warm hands on my neck, drew me to him.

"Are you frightened?"

"Yes."

"Everyone is frightened when they come here first, but that is nothing. And you need not be afraid of me of all people; I never hurt anyone. Would you like to smoke? No, don't. It is too soon—wait a year or two. And where are your parents? You have none? Ah, well, you don't need them—you will be able to get along without them—only you must not be afraid, do you see?"

It was a long time since I had come across anyone to speak to me simply and kindly, in language that I could understand, and it was inexpressibly pleasant to me to listen to him. When he took me back to my cot I asked him:

"Come and sit beside me."

"All right," he agreed.

"Who are you?"

"I? I am a soldier, a real soldier, a Cossack, and I have been in the wars—well of course I have! Soldiers live for war. I have fought with the Hungarians, with the Circassians and the Poles—as many as you like! War, my boy, is a great profession."

I closed my eyes for a minute, and when I opened them there, in the place of the soldier, sat grandmother in a dark frock, and he was standing by her and saying:

"Dear me! So they are all dead?"

The sun was playing in the room—now gilding every object, and then hiding, and then looking radiantly upon us all again, just like a child frolicking.

Babushka bent over me and asked:

"What is it, my darling? They have been mutilating you. I told that old red devil——"

"I will make all the necessary arrangements," said the soldier, going away, and grandmother, wiping the tears from her face, said:

"Our soldier, it seems, comes from Balakhna."

I still thought that I must be dreaming, and kept silence. The doctor came, bandaged my burns, and behold

I was sitting with grandmother in a cab and driving through the streets of the town. She told me:

"That grandfather of ours—he is going quite out of his mind, and he is so greedy that it is sickening to look at him. Not long ago he took a hundred roubles out of the psalter of Xlist the furrier, a new friend of his. What a set out there was! E—h—h—h!"

The sun shone brightly, clouds floated in the sky like white birds; we went by the bridge across the Volga; the ice groaned under us, water was visible under the planks of the bridge, the golden cross gleamed over the red dome of the cathedral in the market-place.

We met a woman with a broad face; she was carrying an armful of willow branches. The spring was coming; soon it would be Easter.

"I love you very much, grandmother!"

This did not seem to surprise her; she answered in a calm voice:

"That is because we are of the same family, but—and I do not say it boastfully—there are others who love me too, thanks to thee, O Blessed Lady!"

She added, smiling:

"She will soon be rejoicing—her Son will rise again! Ah, Variusha—my daughter!"

Then she was silent.

(To be continued.)

Casualty

By Arthur Eckersley

The young man came slowly down the path under the lime trees. He walked with difficulty, supporting himself on one side by the aid of a stick, on the other by the arm of a middle-aged woman in nurse's uniform. He himself was little more than a boy. He had the brown cheeks, somewhat paled from illness, of one who is used to an active, outdoor life. His face was thin, the upper lip adorned with the beginning of a moustache; and his civilian clothes, very well cut, hung loosely about him. In short, just such a figure as those to which the world of late has grown tragically accustomed.

The path under the lime trees is the favourite before-*déjeuner* promenade of Lakenblume; and, as the young man advanced, his progress was followed with looks of interest from many pairs of eyes. He appeared acutely and painfully conscious of this. Indeed, a careful observer might have detected that, so far from deriving any solace from the homage unmistakable in the eyes, he shrank from it with dread. But most observers are not careful, and saw only a maimed and wounded lad, whom some of them perhaps would have liked to cheer. The casualties had only lately arrived in Lakenblume, and been received with worship. These are the days when to be wounded is (rightly) to inherit the earth. So the spectators stared and whispered, blandly unconscious of the effect that they were producing.

There was one, however, who was not as the others. She was also watching the boy and his attendant, and what she observed appealed strongly to a sense of drama that happened to be almost morbidly developed. Moreover (which was more dangerous), it piqued her curiosity. She wanted immediately to find out all about the boy. She saw at once that he hated the attention he was exciting.

This, of course, might have been only modesty. Without seeming to do so, she marked from under her screening eyelashes that the pair, avoiding the crowd, had seated themselves at the comparatively deserted end of the avenue, farthest from the band.

Presently Tonie Saddington (this was the girl's name) rose, and with a manner of agreeable detachment strolled towards the same end of the promenade, and back again. On her return, she had quite definitely made up her mind to know all that there was to know about the brown-faced boy, and even (if occasion served) to be a sister to him.

The only question remaining was how to set about it. Tonie took several days to consider this. At the end of that time she had observed that the boy and his nurse had not reappeared at the popular parade hour, but that twice, on emerging from her hotel after lunch, she had met them returning. Clearly, therefore, he meant in future to take his fresh air without the condiment of public sympathy. This intention touched her very much. At the same time it rendered her more than ever determined to frustrate it.

Accordingly, on the next day, Tonie, walking at the hour usually sacred to *dejeuner*, was pleasantly elated to discover the invalid alone, his attendant having apparently been dismissed for the time. Fortune favoured her. A sudden gust of Alpine wind snatched the newspaper from her fingers, and whisked it to the feet of the boy, who, of course, picked it up.

"Thanks so awfully," she said, taking back the paper, and smiling with that air of unconscious friendliness that was her deadliest weapon. "Good of you to bother," adding: "D'you mind if I sit here for a moment? This wind is rather tiring, isn't it?"

Perhaps he did mind. Why else, indeed, did he seclude himself in lonely state on the promenade at such an inconvenient hour? But he obviously couldn't say so. Instead, he mumbled something that Tonie chose to take for an invitation.

"Thanks again," she said; and, having seated herself, continued, after a severe preliminary bombardment with her eyes: "I was perfectly sure that you wouldn't be as terrible really as people made out."

There was a subtle flattery in the suggestion (as Tonie

doubtless well knew) that practically no male creature can altogether resist. "Do people make out that?" asked the boy quickly.

"Of course. We're all scared to death of you in Lakenblume."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, because you're so mysterious. Not like the others. Everybody knew all about them before they'd been in the place an hour. But you——"

"Why should anyone want to know about me?"

"Why shouldn't they? You are a hero, and heroes are common property in these days; or, at least, we like to think so. There isn't a woman in Lakenblume who isn't dying to discover——"

"Yes?" he asked, as she hesitated. She hesitated because, for all his simulation of ease, she had seen the fear come back into his eyes; and for an instant it put her off her game. She was perplexed by it.

"Well—your battles, and how you got hurt—and all that." Tonie breathed a little quickly after she had said it. Somehow the encounter was proving more difficult than she had expected. The super-modesty of this handsome boy baffled her.

"It's nothing to them, surely. I don't want to be rude, but I'd much rather. . . . If you will excuse me. . . ." He made a movement towards the stick, which was resting against the seat beside him.

Tonie had apparently failed. "I am sorry that you should be so offended with me," she said, "I apologise very humbly. It was altogether inexcusable of me to suppose that you would care to speak about yourself."

It was. But how could the boy agree? Instead, he hesitated, looking at her with an air of misery that might have touched any heart less preoccupied. Tonie, however, had made up her mind to get the story out of him; and it had once been justly observed of her by an American admirer that, when she fixed her mind upon anything, she could make Bruce and the spider look like ten cents.

"Still," she went on, speaking low and hurriedly, so that he should not get away, "I don't think you ought to take it like that. If I did wrong it was because—well, surely you can understand! To a man, perhaps, these

things are nothing. But it would have made me so proud to hear about them from you!" Have I mentioned that Tonie was by no means bad-looking? That, indeed, is a slight understatement. Moreover, at the present moment she was desperately anxious to gain her point, and using all her resources to that end.

The boy took his hand from the stick. "What—what would you like me to tell you?" he asked irresolutely.

"Everything. I won't ask your pardon again, because I see now that you forgive me. It's splendid of you. I feel almost as if I ought to kneel down here, at your feet that have seen so much!"

He might have reminded her that no one, however heroic, sees with his feet; but he did not. Perhaps the vision of Tonie, gazing with rapt worship into his face, blinded him to any such absurdities. A little flush crept into his cheeks. "Please!" he said deprecatingly.

"Then you will tell me?"

"If—if you insist." Still he hesitated. "What is it that you want to hear?"

"Everything!"

"That's comprehensive, anyhow!" He smiled youthfully. "All right! It's your own fault. I'll begin at the beginning." An odd note of recklessness had come into his voice, which Tonie remembered later.

"Go on," she commanded.

So he obeyed. He told her, as she had asked, everything. Before Tonie prepared regretfully to surrender him, on the approach of the nurse, she had learnt all that she wished to know—his regiment, and length of service, the actions in which he had taken part, and the manner of his receiving the wound that had permanently disabled his knee.

"How terrible for you!" she murmured sympathetically. "Because, of course, I understand how you must long to get back again!"

"Yes—of course!" He had stopped speaking; but the flush was still on his cheeks, and his eyes were shining. To Tonie the recital had been one of entire delight. After the first hesitation he had told his story so splendidly. No one of her extensive acquaintance in returned warriors had so vividly conveyed the thrill of the moment when the

long waiting was ended by the order to "go over." As this quiet boy spoke she could see it all. Her look rewarded him.

"It's grand, grand!" she whispered. "But it makes me too discontented! Oh, yes, I know women have done fine things in the war. But not the one thing! I haven't words to say how much I admire and envy you!"

"Please don't!" He was looking scared again. "And will you please promise me to repeat nothing of what I have said, to anyone?"

Tonie smiled upon him. "I don't think I shall make any promises," she said lightly, "Except to go away now, and not worry you any more. I won't even try to thank you. But you must know what I feel!"

If he did not, it was not the fault of her expressive eyes. The girl had been genuinely moved, and she paid in full measure. Much to her surprise, however, he made no attempt to answer her mood. Instead, his face seemed to have grown, if possible, paler and more anxious-looking than before.

"But I mean it. You must tell no one. You don't know how serious it might be."

He was gazing at her now almost with panic. Tonie permitted herself a slight touch of impatience.

"I don't know why there should be so much mystery about a simple matter," she said.

"Don't you?" He glanced about him for a moment with an air almost of desperation. The nurse, seeing him occupied, had withdrawn to a seat at some distance. All at once the boy seemed to take a sudden resolve. "Then I'll tell you!"

"What do you mean?" Tonie was watching him now, thoroughly mystified. It seemed that some revelation, stranger than any yet, was coming.

"Simply this; that all I have said to you was lies. From beginning to end. I was never at the front or wounded. I'm not even a soldier. . . ."

"*Lies!*" The word seemed to catch the boy like the lash of a whip. He winced.

"So now you know."

"But——" Tonie was still struggling with perplexity, too bewildered as yet for resentment. "I don't understand!

Why should you make up a story like that if it wasn't true?"

"Would you ever understand if I were to explain?" As she gave no answer he continued: "I think I should like to tell you, in any case, though I know it can't make any difference." He hesitated for an instant, then went on, speaking quickly, in a voice that was hardly recognisable: "I don't want to excuse myself, or escape punishment. I counted the cost when I lied to you, and I'll go through with it. And I should do it again. . . . I'd got to the end. I simply couldn't stand any more."

This was unexpected. Tonie's wrath at the deception was struggling with her curiosity. "What are you taking about?" she asked curtly.

"About hell," answered the boy. "That's what my life has been ever since the war started. I'm not exaggerating, just hell!"

"Listen!" he continued. "My father and grandfather were both soldiers; not famous, but Service-people remember and speak well of them. My sister married a man who was killed at Mons. Practically every one of my male relatives is at the front now. I'm the only son, who was expected to carry on, and keep up the name. And five days before the war began, when I'd only left school a few hours, I was chucked off a horse, and—well, you see!"

A light began to break upon Tonie. "Your knee!" she exclaimed.

"That was how I got it. They tell me I'll never be able to walk again—at least, not to be any good. So here I am. I'm not quite twenty-one. I can't kill myself. I can't hide. I've just got to drag about, utterly useless; and when people come up and say cheerful things about the great sacrifice, I've got to tell them——"

"Ah!" cried Tonie. Unexpectedly, on a swift revulsion of feeling, the tragedy of the explanation had pierced her usually callous little heart, and the stab hurt.

"I keep on telling them," he continued, as though he had not heard. "I tell somebody every day of my life, and I watch how they take it. I came here, hoping to get away from them; but it's worse than at home. Then, you asked. And for a moment I funked. I pretended

that the things I've imagined so often—were real. That's all. Have I made it clear?"

"I'm sorry." She spoke in a whisper; it was all that she could find to say.

"So that's that," concluded the boy. He drew a deep breath. "You see now why I had to stop the—the lie from going any further. But, of course, I beg your pardon."

"Oh, please don't! . . ." entreated Tonie. "I mean, you make me feel such a—a meddlesome fool! It's really I who should ask forgiveness, because it's all been my fault. . . ."

The boy smiled grimly. "Don't mention it!" he said. "But thanks for being sorry." He pulled himself to his feet, and nodded towards the nurse. "I think I ought to be getting along now. Good-bye."

Slowly the two figures moved away under the lime trees, while Tonie sat motionless, looking after them.

IMPERIAL RECONSTRUCTION

Introductory

By Sir George Makgill, Bt.

War is the world's surgeon. Like a patient returning to consciousness after an operation by some great oculist, our nation looks with new-found sight upon a new world. We are in an age of discoveries; and the first of them is that the British people have discovered the British Empire.

In the days before the thunderstorm of war, we knew vaguely that there were British possessions overseas which covered about a fifth of the land surface of the globe, and which were believed to contain about a fourth of the world's population. Many of us regarded this Empire with mild satisfaction; others looked upon it as an encumbrance which we might well get rid of. Only the few realised the greatness of our national heritage. Even now we are but beginning to understand that the Overseas Dominions and Dependencies are not isolated units severed from each other by the oceans, like so many moated castles, but that they are parts of one vast whole, a living organism. Formerly we went beyond the old injunction that we should not let the left hand know what the right hand doeth, and treated the hands and feet of the Empire as though they were not members of the same body, warmed with the same blood, inspired with the same life. To-day we know we are an Empire, and begin to see that each part has its place and its work to do in supplying and nourishing and strengthening the rest so that all may grow and develop together for the welfare of the race. Moreover, the British Empire, unlike any other in history, embraces every gradation of climate from the arctic to the tropical, and its products include every variety of animal, plant and mineral or metal required to fill all the needs of civilised man. It

encircles the earth, and is so vast that somewhere on British territory there are at all seasons crops ripe and ready for use. We have an Empire that can supply our wants, so that we can, if we will, be independent of foreign supplies. Surely, then, it is no more than common sense and sound business that we should use this wonderful asset and buy of our kin rather than from the alien?

We have made another new discovery of an old truth—that political freedom depends on economic freedom. Formerly we were content to buy from any source so long as we could make a profit. We admitted that production was the source of national wealth, yet we neglected the vast natural resources of our Empire, and used a great part of our surplus profits to develop foreign lands. Published statistics prove that in 1913, out of £245,000,000 of capital invested in public issues, only a fifth was invested in the United Kingdom, while two-fifths were invested in foreign countries. The whole Empire, including the British Isles, received only three-fifths of the British capital invested. Not only does this mean that we have in the past neglected our Empire and assisted the alien, but the war has proved that the investment of British capital in foreign, and possibly hostile, countries, may be a grave source of weakness, since British capitalists may thereby become in time of war shareholders, as it were, in enemy States, and may, therefore, be concerned to prevent their overthrow.

In another direction we have neglected our Empire resources. Products, as distinct from manufactures, are of two kinds—those which are fixed in available quantity, and the reserves of which, therefore, are annually diminishing, and those which are replenished from year to year. In the former class are included such natural sources of power and raw material as coal, metallic ores, mineral oils, and virgin forests; in the latter such food products as grain, meat and sugar, and such raw materials as wool, cotton, jute and hides. It is of vital importance that the supplies of the former should be conserved, while the supplies of the latter can, with skilful management, be maintained at a definite average. It is clear, then, that a sound industrial policy would seek to reserve the coal and ores of the Empire for national needs, and to develop the production of food and raw materials, so that the Empire should not be dependent

on foreign, and possibly hostile, sources of supply. The result of neglect of such a policy has been seen in the control gained by Germany over our zinc and tungsten supplies; over the hides of India, the wattle bark of Natal, and the palm kernels of West Africa. Germany had adopted a policy of conserving her own supplies of raw material, and obtaining control of those of other nations to whom she sold the manufactured goods. The figures of our trade with Germany in 1913 clearly show her advantage, for while 83 per cent. of the imports from Germany were manufactured goods, 48 per cent. of our exports to Germany were raw materials. In other words, out of sixty million pounds' worth of goods sold to Germany, twenty-nine millions' worth were raw materials, such as coal, hides, rubber and wool; while of the eighty million pounds' worth of goods bought from Germany sixty-seven millions' worth were manufactured and only thirteen millions' worth raw material. Germany had the advantage both ways. She was our creditor to the extent of £20,000,000 on the balance of trade, while she depleted us of our raw materials and sold to us her manufactured goods. The lesson is plain.

We are making yet another discovery of an obvious fact which has too long escaped our notice. We have been accustomed to treat our industries as though they were things distinct and unrelated, like boxes of goods in a shop. Only now is the nation beginning to see that the fabric of industry throughout the Empire is so closely knit together that each is dependent directly or indirectly on the other. At the first glance there is no obvious connection between a pound of sugar in a grocer's shop in London and the copper ore in Tasmania, or an engineering shop in Glasgow. Yet sugar cannot be produced without suitable plant, and copper is required in the machinery of that plant, which is manufactured largely in Glasgow. Farming and mining seem at first sight totally distinct industries. Yet agriculture depends on the engineering trade for ploughs, harrows, reaping machines; engineering on the iron and steel industry, and these on ore and coal supplies. The food supplies of the Empire depend primarily on farming, hence the supply of food which the miner needs to enable him to produce coal may ultimately depend in a very real sense on the coal he produces.

We have seen that national freedom and security depend on economic freedom; that we have an Empire whose resources can supply our wants if only we will develop them; that our industries throughout the Empire are inter-dependent. The question remains, How are we to develop these vast resources so that the Empire may be rendered self-supporting? Capital will be required; skilled knowledge will be needed; and, above all, there must be a common policy and a common purpose throughout the Empire. Capital will not be attracted to Empire industries unless it is offered reasonable security against foreign competition. This can to some extent be secured by adopting a policy of tariffs and preferences within the Empire; but neither tariffs nor preferences alone will suffice. Education must be brought into touch with industry, so that men of British blood may be available who have the necessary technical knowledge and skill to direct and improve British methods. Hitherto, with the greatest tropical Empire in the world, we have been dependent for our technical chemists and managers in tropical industries too much on foreigners—Germans or Dutchmen as a rule. That must be remedied. We have neglected, both within the Empire and in foreign countries, the power of the Press and of organised publicity. This also must be remedied. Lastly, there has been no organised effort to unify the work of industrial bodies throughout the British Possessions and to turn the inter-dependence of industries to their common advantage.

It is to meet these great national needs that the British Empire Producers' Organisation was formed rather more than a year ago. From the first, its founders recognised as a cardinal principle of organisation that it is generally better to make use of existing machinery than to create new. In nearly every industry there are associations which are more or less efficient. What is needed is that their efforts should be co-ordinated, so that their united weight be thrown into the scale for a common policy of Empire development. The organisation, therefore, has aimed at linking together the associations representing each industry, both in the United Kingdom and overseas. The Council of the organisation forms the meeting ground of various interests, where common aims can be furthered, and differences be adjusted.

INTRODUCTORY

The constitution of the organisation is based on the autonomy of its constituent units. Its principle is that the men in an industry are the right people to voice the needs of that industry. It is a business body—a federation of producers and manufacturers for mutual support and for the development of the Empire's resources. In one aspect its aims are political, since legislation is asked for by some industries; but it is in no sense bound to any party. Its aims are national; and its direction is in the hands of business men and not of politicians.

Other societies have taken up such questions as Imperial Preference, the education of the people in the scope and resources of the Empire, the improvement of technical education, or the organisation of special industries. But the British Empire Producers' Organisation stands alone in this, that it is the only body which has set itself systematically to build up from existing materials a structure inside which the industries of the whole Empire can communicate and combine for the benefit of all, and for the development of their common heritage. In a scheme so wide there must necessarily be clashing interests, and divergences of view; but, diverse as they may be, all are bound together with one bond, greater than any differences, that all are working together for the future of the Empire and for the welfare of the race.

Food of the Empire

By Major-General S. S. Long, C.B.

In considering the food of the Empire in the limits of a short article, it is only possible to deal with the question in its broadest aspects. So far as the staple articles of food are concerned—viz., grain, meat, and sugar, with in some instances the exception of the last-named—all our great Dominions are self-contained, and can easily meet their own requirements from within; but when we come to the United Kingdom we are faced with a very different and, without doubt, difficult problem. That this problem can be satisfactorily solved there is not the least doubt, if we approach the question with clear minds, thrusting aside the many political, party and commercial interests which have too long been allowed to obscure the real main issues.

In our insane worship of individualism, aided by possibly one of the most corrupt political systems now existing, the old Latin maxim "pro bono publico" has been sacrificed in the interests of corporations, companies, or even individuals, who had a special axe of their own to grind, and who were prepared to corrupt our politicians by paying into secret party funds frequently large sums of money, which, defend it how they may, were the politicians tried in any court of law, they would undoubtedly be convicted as being concerned in gross bribery and corruption. Our politicians must be taught to remember that the point of first and only consideration must always be—What is best for the interests of the Empire and country?

In considering the staple articles of food for the United Kingdom, owing to material advance in the standard of living, modern inventions, etc., etc., it is now necessary to add to the three principal articles a fourth, namely, fats, and it is now proposed to deal with these four in detail.

Grain.—There is no doubt that the production of wheat could and should be materially increased in the United

Kingdom. With care, scientific farming, and the extensive use of labour-saving implements, etc., it would be quite possible so to increase home production that we would be self-supporting to the extent of from 40 to 50 per cent. of our requirements. Even so, the fact remains that, from a bread-stuff point of view, we must largely be dependent for our supplies from overseas.

In addition to wheat, we also require a great deal of other grain for both man and beast. We could undoubtedly considerably increase the production of oats both in Scotland and Ireland, but again, even so, the fact remains that it is only by importation in very considerable quantities of all descriptions of grain that we can ever hope to obtain a sufficiency for our needs. That we should increase the area of our arable land as much as possible no sane man will now be found to question. In making this increase, certain important points must be borne in mind, such as, that it is economically unsound to turn what is fair pasture land into what, at the best of times, can only be poor or indifferent arable land. Secondly, the more we increase our arable land, naturally the more we restrict our available resources for producing dairy produce and growing meat, unless we are to increase still further our already heavy imports of cattle feed, in which case we have only completed the circle of dangerous food shortage, by partially transferring our human grain shortage to an already heavy meat one. The question really does not admit of argument. Whatever happens, the United Kingdom must rely for a considerable portion of her grain coming from overseas. Even so, so far as the Empire is concerned, we can be amply self-contained, not only in the immediate future, but for all practical purposes for all time. Australia, New Zealand, Canada and India can and could easily produce all the grain necessary for our requirements, and in this connection it should be recollected that, so far as the Dominions are concerned, their available lands for grain production are only very partially developed. If we add to these the present vast territories of the South African Government, and the even vaster lands in Africa under our flag, a very little portion of which have been developed from a grain-producing point of view, we should certainly be able to look with confidence into the future.

Meat.—In this connection we are in a somewhat similar situation as our grain position, except that at present we are dependent for the larger proportion of our overseas' meat supply from foreign countries. South America, in the pre-war days, sent us some two-thirds of our overseas' meat, and although, just prior to the war, we were benefiting by an extraordinarily cheap supply, the wholesale prices of good average quality ex cold storage in this country being frequently as low as 2½d. per pound for fore-, and 3½d. per pound for hind-quarters, there is little doubt but that, even if no war had occurred, all the signs and portents pointed to a gradual and steady rise. Although the existence of a meat ring is fiercely denied, there is little doubt that to all intents and purposes a meat trust was and is in existence, which was even extending its operations to Australia. We have, undoubtedly, been fortunate during the war in so well maintaining our supply in spite of great difficulties, but this is largely due to the work of the Meat Committee, composed of Board of Trade and War Office officials, so ably guided and assisted by the Agent-General for Queensland, Sir Thomas Robinson, who was, and is, the real working member of the committee. Even so, owing to the fact that our supplies had in so large a measure to be obtained from foreign countries, we have had to pay heavily in the way of greatly increased prices for our lack of foresight in the past in not having made provision to meet our requirements from within the Empire.

As a result of the war, France, largely, and Italy, in a minor degree, have both become importers of frozen meat, and when the war is over, Germany, undoubtedly, will be forced by depleted stocks also to make a heavy demand upon the world's meat supply. Bearing these points in mind, the days of cheap meat appear to be for ever gone. South America certainly cannot meet the future demands, so once again we should look to ourselves. Australia and New Zealand, undoubtedly, have an ever-growing trade, but much still requires to be done to extend, develop and encourage the same. Canada is possibly too close to the United States, the latter no longer able to meet her own requirements, for it to be a paying proposition to ship meat from the former to the United Kingdom. But South Africa,

in spite of certain adverse conditions, in the way of droughts and malignant cattle diseases, undoubtedly possesses vast territories suitable for cattle and sheep breeding, and, if developed, would at an early date supply us, with the assistance of Australia and New Zealand, with the whole of our requirements. To bring about this much-to-be-desired result, we should, however, make a departure from our present methods, and offer subsidies and financial assistance to the great Dominion Governments for the encouragement of cattle and sheep breeding, and for the erection of refrigerating works—or, better still, the Imperial Government should, on its own account, build such works, at its own expense. A few millions thus spent would repay tenfold by ensuring a good meat supply for our people at a reasonable price.

Sugar.—Owing to our usual shortsighted policy, and in a measure to, as already mentioned, our corrupt political system, by which German money was permitted to filter into the party funds, what sugar industries we possessed were allowed to be largely crippled by unfair German competition. Again, it is undoubted that we could successfully grow sugar-beet in this country, and, with a little fostering and State assistance, in a very short time make a commercially-paying business of it, thereby, at all events, partially ensuring a portion of our sugar supply. In this connection, it should be recollected that the refuse from such sugar production forms a valuable cattle food. With common sense and encouragement, the West Indies, India, and the vast tracts of the African Continent under our flag, could easily produce all the sugar to meet, not only the United Kingdom's requirements, but that of the whole Empire as well, and have plenty to spare into the bargain.

Fats.—Until some thirty years ago, vegetable oils played a very small part in the food requirements of our people, but, with the introduction of improved machinery, many discoveries as regards the treatment and refining of oils gradually grew up a vast industry for the production of foodstuffs in the way of margarine, and oils and fats prepared for other edible purposes, until to-day it has become certainly the fourth important article of foodstuffs, if we except the large range of articles known as dairy produce.

Now, these vegetable oils are obtained from a variety of plants, beans, nuts and kernels From a food point of view,

possibly the most important are the palm kernels, as it is from the oil extracted from them that margarine is largely made. In the pre-war days these kernels were brought in enormous quantities to Europe, and although in the main they came from Empire territory, strange to relate it was not to this country that they were exported, but, with the exception of a few tens of thousands of tons per annum, the whole went to either Holland or Germany, there to be converted into margarine, etc., for which we paid a heavy price, whilst the foreigner not only thus made money out of us, but, in addition, had the great advantage of having ready to hand a most valuable cattle-feed in the way of the palm kernel cake, which remained over as a by-product after the greater portion of the oil was squeezed out. It seems astounding that we should sit idly by with our hands folded while the foreigner, and the German in particular, exploited the countries which we had in so many instances acquired at the expense of so much blood and treasure.

In the limits of a few pages it is not possible fully to elaborate the subject of our Empire's food, but, before summing up, it is necessary to point out that, besides the staple articles so shortly touched on, there are many others of also great importance in due proportion, such as our bacon, egg, and poultry supply, any one of which would really require an article to itself to deal adequately with. It is, however, sufficient to point out that, so far as our food is concerned, there is no single article which cannot be produced in amply sufficient abundance within the Empire itself; therefore, why go outside?

In considering the whole question we must bear in mind that if the Empire is to be self-contained, then such a desirable condition of affairs can only be brought about by a wise and close fiscal policy between ourselves and the great Dominions, and by such a system of export and import duties carefully adjusted between all the various portions of the Empire to suit all, according to their varying needs, so that never again will the German get the opportunity of exploiting us to our own undoing.

Mechanical Equipment of the Empire

By T. C. Elder

THE time is past for leading politicians to gloat over our industrial eminence in jam and pickles. We know better what industries are vital. We are all engineers now, in sympathy at least, if not in practice. For one great lesson learned since 1914 is surely that the British Empire can only survive as a well-engineered Empire.

Before the great shock our Empire was, in this respect, anybody's. It was the Germans who won the Boer War, so far as there was any reward offered in the Transvaal market. It was German ships which took machinery and railway materials to Australian ports and brought back "cornered" metal through the English Channel to Hamburg. In India and the other great markets aliens were always elbowing our engineer traders and working out deep-laid schemes the thoroughness and the malevolence of which are still scarcely believed by many of our people. Here at home, while public opinion was, it is true, a little offended by the public purchases of foreign railway locomotives, steel rails, electrical machinery, and many descriptions of mechanical apparatus, the worst was unknown; and that was the extent to which our eminent engineering manufacturers, some of them with world-wide goodwill, were dangerously dependent on foreign supplies. Their primary materials, although deposited in abundance within British territory, were controlled by international syndicates which could turn the tap on or off as it suited alien interests. Their secondary materials—that is to say, metals slightly worked up from the raw—were often, as a matter of prudent marketing, necessarily bought from the enemy. Higher up again, they found it impossible to compete in selling finished machinery without the somewhat humiliating expedient of accepting "cheap" forgings and castings from across the water, a practice which was becoming the un-

questioned commonplace habit induced by Free Trade conditions. In the market for the completed machine the enemy behaved with cunning circumspection. Electrical machinery furnishes an example. When public tenders were opened for turbine plant you would usually find the Germans at the top of the list. They were given contracts occasionally on the excuse of specification points; but they had nothing to gain by possibly raising public alarm with a general dumping. It suited the German book better that British firms should obtain public contracts for generating plant at unremunerative prices, and should make the machine with "cheap" foreign parts. Meanwhile, where there was no publicity, they pushed their business in complete electrical machinery with great success amongst the collieries, steel works, paper mills, and other factories in the United Kingdom; and they found obvious advantages in having to compete with the wounded and dependent British firms for business in the Dominions. It was in such circumstances that they found plenty of friends in this country to jeer at our electrical manufacturers for lack of "enterprise." Every public authority or private firm which in those times bought German machinery was directly contributing to the growth of the colossal mechanical power that has sustained our most formidable enemy.

When we were harshly awakened by the tocsin, the absence of that "enterprise," whether it was a political or an industrial fault, was for a time most embarrassing. A Government which had had clear warning, and which had, at any rate, settled the method of employment of the Expeditionary Force some time ahead, had not perceived the disadvantage of equipping that force with enemy artillery apparatus, magnetos for motor transport and aeroplanes, field telegraphs, searchlight carbons, and so forth. Nor had it been studied how we might be handicapped in fighting a country which had been our source of supplies in respect of large quantities of steel, of forgings and castings, of insulating material, and of many other parts and items affecting the efficient conduct of scientific warfare. Doubtless the Germans calculated that their crippled engineering competitor would not recover in time, just as they had no notion of seeing millions of Britons in arms.

British engineering rose to the occasion. After the

early period of disorderly recruiting, when men rushed into the Army without thought of their possibly greater usefulness in the workshops, the mechanical equipment of the nation and of the Empire has improved every week. We have hundreds of thousands of new workers; many million pounds' worth of new machinery; square miles of complete new works. We are making many things that we used to buy from the Continent, and we are making them better. There was never before in history such a sudden mechanical reformation. The engineering industry of Great Britain from shipbuilding to aeroplanes, from great power plant to tiny instruments, from machine tools to big siege guns, has a wider and completer range, a far greater output, and a much higher standard of efficiency in certain respects than ever before. When pessimists stand appalled by the magnitude of the War Debt they may take some consolation from the reflection that the works and factories of Britain have risen in value tested by earning power by hundreds of millions. I only hesitate to claim a thousand millions because so much must depend on the wisdom of the administration that is to come. This wonderful congregation of machinery must economically be conditioned by, on the one hand, materials, and, on the other hand, markets.

Materials and markets, markets and materials. Those are the pass-words to Imperial economic prosperity in every department. The development of the United States is due to the possession of a vast storehouse of natural wealth, which was retained as an enclosed market. The industrial progress of Germany was, in brief, attributable to a less simple but equally effective method of securing cornered materials and privileged markets; and, as far as can be judged from such comments as reach us, the chief anxiety of her business community in continuing the war is, at all costs, to keep the iron and coal fields of the Lorraine area, and to construct a Mittel-Europa system within which there will be a large amount of steady custom for German factories. Worked with but ordinary prudence both the German and the American economic systems were so far superior that Britain's pure opportunist money-making policy could only have been persisted in for a few years longer at grave risk.

Yet all the time, if the people of the Empire could only be brought to see it, they possessed territories far richer in resources and offering far greater market attractions than any other community or federation on the planet. Are their eyes open now? And are they convinced believers in the intensive cultivation of their estate, their heritage from the shrewd forerunners who were the creators of British industrial supremacy and sea-power, and whose measures were quite as effective as those of the Germans at a more recent period? Traditional British policy, abrogated temporarily in the United Kingdom sixty years ago, but maintained successfully in the Overseas Dominions, must be resumed, doubtless with modern modification, or whatever battles may be won, the war will be lost. It used to be plaintively argued that such a conversion would precipitate conflict. To-day it is apparent that the protection of Empire industry is the best guarantee of the world's peace.

The engineering industry is from this point of view the first to be considered. It comes even before food. The gods may laugh to see proud man hurling thunderbolts while neglecting his potato patch. Milton may turn restlessly in his grave at the knowledge that his vision of war amongst the angels has been outdone on the Somme, while Adam is delving in military defence and Eve is spinning shells. But we can better put up with present inconveniences and hardships if we hold fast to the faith that with intelligent statesmanship and public loyalty and patience peace-time will in its turn reveal as wonderful development of mechanical and chemical powers applied to production instead of destruction.

We cannot eat machinery, as Sir Oliver Lodge reminded us on a memorable occasion; but neither can we get much to eat without machinery. So also with fuel and clothing and transport. The whole means of living is attached to the chain of economic causation which may be said to begin with the raising of iron, copper, tin, gold, and other metals from the bowels of the earth. It is almost as much an engineering problem to stimulate agricultural production as to defeat the submarine attack. Unless such lessons are learned now they may have to be taught later in a still harder school. It is essential to the very existence of the

British Empire that we shall both quantitatively and qualitatively lead the world in engineering science and industry. Some description of our points of weakness before the war has been given in the first part of this article, because it is an essential proposition that, having laboured to fill in the gaps during the past thirty months, there must be no relapse into cheapest-market opportunism. At the moment steel production, although greatly increased, is still insufficient to render the United Kingdom self-supporting. But there is room for much expansion of this industry in Canada, Australia, and India, and whether the steel made in each country shall be used on the spot or shipped to another part of the Empire may be left to settle itself; for throughout we are discussing the provision by the Empire for the Empire of a complete system of mechanical equipment adequate to the energetic and ingenious development of our resources.

Although there has been a remarkable stimulation of engineering in other parts of the Empire, Great Britain must remain the predominant partner in this industry. It is here that fighting and mercantile ships will be built and machinery constructed for military defence and for agricultural and manufacturing production. The British Isles will never again become the world's workshop, but must remain the world's greatest shipbuilder, and must keep abreast of mechanical progress in every other department. As nothing is more essential to the security of the Empire, so nothing either is more certain to lead to advantageous Imperial interchange of commodities than that British machinery shall be given a substantial fiscal preference and a strong popular preference. There are points in favour of encouraging the attraction of men and money from other countries to develop the Empire's boundless material weath; but it is a danger and a weakness to import alien machinery, for every engineering factory is a potential arsenal. Every engineering works should be also a centre of scientific development and a direct contributor to organised social and economic development. If the Britannic peoples will insist on the all-British specification for plant and machinery they will be ensuring their own communal safety and prosperity.

Raw Materials of the Empire

By Sir William Earnshaw Cooper, Kt.

At the conclusion of the war this country will be faced with a vast problem of so far-reaching a nature as to affect the social, political and industrial conditions of the whole Empire. Six to nine millions of men will be demobilised from the Army, Navy, munition works, and other war work. In the resettling of this vast mass of male workers into their old occupations, and in the search for new ones, many conditions of human life must necessarily become more or less disturbed and dislocated. The cost of living will be greater; wages will be higher; production and exchange will become more costly; and interest on capital will increase. Condensed into a single concrete problem the question before us is how to turn these new and seemingly disadvantageous conditions to the best possible account and extract from them rapid compensation, efficient production and national wealth?

To accomplish this the old order of things must give place to the new There must be

1. Complete understanding and harmony between Capital and Labour.

2. Co-ordination and co-operation of all the forces calculated to secure the internal development of the vast material resources of the Empire.

3. The absorption and utilisation of such economic products and raw materials produced within the Empire as may be necessary to foster, and stimulate, the new commercial and industrial enterprises which must result from any wise scheme of Imperial Preference.

4. Improved means of production and exchange.

5. Improvement in commercial and industrial education including (a) research work in close alliance with every branch of industry, technical and scientific; (b) industrial penetration of the trade of alien countries by careful investi-

gation and applied knowledge; (c) the development of power, electrical and other, and its immediate application to all industries, and the free use of automatic labour-saving mechanical appliances; (e) better organisation in buying and selling; (f) a more complete organisation of all methods that make for industrial success.

6. Scrapping much of the existing financial machinery in its application to British commerce and industry, and setting up new plant that will link up the banking world with British manufacturers and merchants in those close bonds of mutual understanding born of financial and industrial partnership.

7. Co-ordination of all interests—State, industrial, and commercial—which make for British industrial and commercial supremacy. This industrial supremacy must be built on the foundations of Imperial unity of so durable a nature as to resist any and every attack from alien countries.

In this reconstructive work the old shibboleths—Free Trade and Tariff Reform—must find neither place nor part. The stern pressure of war has stifled many a party cry and crushed many a political and economic controversy. It also bids fair to bring Capital and Labour so close together as to induce these belligerents to shake hands over the grave of a dead past. Between the two forces that stand for industrial success there should be complete harmony, with never a note of discord. Antagonism between capital and labour is obviously destructive—restricting output, lowering wages and causing the loss of immense national wealth.

Alone, neither Tariff Reform nor Free Trade, with the conflict of Capital and Labour thrown in as an apple of discord, will not serve our turn now. We must set about making all the free institutions of the Empire strong, secure, durable; and to this end we must now form and launch into existence a clearly-defined policy of nourishing, protecting and safeguarding our raw materials and each one of our productive industries. This is practically the scheme outlined in the resolutions of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Committee.

Bearing in mind the national need of Imperial unity, we may now make a brief survey of our economic products and raw materials. We may divide these resources into two main groups :—(1) Real; (2) Potential. Together these form a treasure, active and latent, of surpassing richness and of

practically inexhaustive supply. No nation in the world's long history has ever possessed the like. Nor does a single ton of this vast and widespread treasure—like much of the latent wealth of the mighty Russian Empire, for example—lie outside the sphere of economical haulage and commercial utilisation.

Taking India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Mauritius first, we commerce with vast countries with vast supplies of cotton, jute, hides, skins, oil seeds, wheat, rice, tea, coffee, sugar, rubber, fibres of many kinds, tanning materials, copra, ground nuts, wood pulp, paper-making materials, timber, turpentine, oil and resin, drugs, spices, coal, iron, manganese, and other minerals, gold, pearls and other economic produce and raw materials too numerous to catalogue here.

Moving now to Canada, we find a vaster country still, with but perhaps an eighth part of its immense resources developed. Fully utilised, it has been calculated that the lands of this great Dominion could produce sufficient food-stuffs to feed the world's population. In mineral wealth Canada stands unrivalled. Her coal mines are as yet undeveloped, but it is agreed that in them she possesses vast supplies, which are practically inexhaustible. In other minerals the Dominion is enormously rich. As a result of the war, the metal-mining industry of Canada is now showing largely increased production. This is particularly the case with regard to lead, copper, zinc and nickel. New deposits of these valuable metals have been discovered and are now being exploited. In her immense oil-bearing strata she possesses prodigious wealth, most of which, although potential at the moment, lies well within the sphere of practical industry. In British Columbia, and other parts of her boundless territory, Canada is surpassing rich in forests of magnificent timber, which are ample enough to feed that timber-hunger which the world is destined to experience at no distant date. Much of this active and latent wealth Canada will require for the development of her own industries, but, however much of it she may utilise, the supply is so generous as to leave ample quantities for the nourishment and stimulation of those Empire industries which are destined to result from any scheme of Imperial unity.

Turning now to Australia, Australasia, New Zealand and Tasmania, we again encounter vast countries with vast

supplies of raw materials. The island-Continent of Australia is as yet but sparsely populated. With her many hundreds of millions of acres of pasture lands and arable, she is, at least, capable of growing all the food—wheat, sheep and cattle—necessary to feed the populations of the British Empire. In hides, skins, and wool, metal—precious and other—Australia and Australasia are already extremely rich. Under the great industrial and fiscal policy of Imperial unity all their rich supplies of economic products and raw materials, or as much of them as may be required, can be collected and diverted to the factories and mills of the Pan-British industrial alliance, with preferential treatment to Allied countries.

In British South Africa we have again abundant wealth in raw materials, much of which is as yet undeveloped. In wool, hides and skins, there is a large amount of active wealth, and also in copper and tin. But it is in gold, silver and diamonds that South Africa excels. For the three years ended 1913 the whole of the British Possessions sent us an average of £47,988,554 worth of gold and silver bullion and specie annually. Of this vast sum British South Africa's contribution for the period averaged £38,412,605 annually. From this source we received diamonds to the average annual value of £9,781,010 for the same period.

Coming to actual values of merchandise consigned from British Possessions and retained in the United Kingdom, the total value for 1914 was £187,801,872, of which £166,979,079 was for raw materials, food and tobacco. Add to these figures the value of raw materials sold to foreign countries by our Overseas Empire, which need not be referred to here, and we get a glimpse of the immense richness of our active resources in economic products and raw materials. And when we realise the enormous latent wealth lying behind these existing sources of supply now awaiting development, and how these rich veins of new wealth can be opened out and run into Pan-British industries, there is, at least, no room for anything else but industrial optimism.

Casting our glance backwards for a moment, we see how we have squandered our raw materials instead of diverting them into our own industrial reservoirs. A couple of instances will suffice—Indian hides and Australian metals. In Indian hides we have a mine of wealth, but we allowed

Germany and Austria, and other countries, to exploit it instead of using it to our own advantage. In 1912–13 and 1913–14 the value of exported raw kips (hide of small Indian cattle), which forms but one section of the immense Indian hide and skin trade, was £7,906,761. Of this amount Germany and Austria took £4,901,866 worth, and the United Kingdom but £199,870. The United States, Spain and other countries obligingly relieved us of the large residue. In short, we thought it only worth while to work up but 2·52 per cent. of this particular section of our raw materials in our own industries and permit enemy and alien countries to absorb 97·48 per cent.

Owing to our unpreparedness, our colossal war machine in its relative cost to that of our Allies and the Central Powers is prodigious. No man can say how much this war will eventually cost us, but whether it be five or six thousand millions, or more, every pound spent has been well spent, and we should do it again and again did occasion arise. But how are we going to recoup ourselves for this vast and unprecedented expenditure? Leaving the question of indemnities to those more qualified to deal with it, there are many channels through which some of those thousands of millions which Germany has forced us to spend, to protect the integrity of our Empire, may yet flow back to us. But the great work of reconstruction which we are bound to undertake in self-defence must be done unhesitatingly and thoroughly. There must be no wavering, no paltering with any single one of that vast array of commercial and industrial problems which now confronts us. The far-extended British Empire already produces all the raw materials wherewith to build up a mighty Pan-British industrial organisation the like of which the world has never seen. Behind this real existing power there is yet a vaster potential power in the many latent resources in every part of our Overseas Possessions, firmly buttressing the active industries of the Empire. This enormous material wealth must be no longer squandered, but conserved and utilised as far as may be economically expedient, in rearing up a mighty industrial Imperial memorial in lasting gratitude to those splendid Sons of Empire who so nobly laid down their lives in the great Cause of Freedom.

Mineral Resources of the Empire

By Octavius Charles Beale, F.R.Hist.S.

Ex-President and Representative of the Australian Associated Chambers of Manufacture

RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE OF THE ALLIES, HELD IN PARIS, 1916, DIVISION B, CLAUSE III.

"The Allies declare themselves agreed to conserve to the Allied countries, before all others, their natural resources during the whole period of commercial, industrial, agricultural, and maritime reconstruction, and for this purpose they undertake to establish special arrangements to facilitate the interchange of these resources."

THAT is our text to-day. It contains the central idea and motive of the Recommendations to their respective Governments by the delegates. They constitute a lengthy, priceless and epoch-making document, the like of which is not recorded in civilised history. It may serve as the opening dawn of a new era, or it may share the fate of so many valuable Reports of Select Committees and Royal Commissions by perishing in pigeon-holes, wilfully shelved and forgotten. It is the duty of every patriot in the Allied countries to spread the light and to force attention to its urgent claims.

In dealing with metals we take only one department of supply into account, but they cannot be considered alone. All that has to be said in this relation as to Allied preference applies with equal strength to the other basic products that are indispensable to successful industry.

Under a continuation of the mania of *laissez-faire*, *laissez-passer*, wealth and ever-increasing power of exploitation will remain with those who held aloof, whilst hard work, anxiety, poverty and risk will be the lot of those who answered the call of humanity. Free trade, falsely so called, is dead, but the cherished principle of neglect, of

the "free play of natural forces," still persists and must be fought to extinction.

The difference between co-ordinated Preference in our Empire and amongst the Allies, as against "every man for himself," is as between order and anarchy, chaos and cosmos.

Sugar is an article of consumption amounting to an annual value of twenty to twenty-five millions sterling in the United Kingdom alone. The producers of the Empire have leagued themselves in the national interest, scattered as they are over all the tropical and sub-tropical areas of the planet, and have so arranged a representation of the diverse individual interests that a common Imperial policy can be recommended by them. It is not merely that £15,000,000 per annum that formerly went to enrich Germany will henceforward suffice to break up, populate and enrich waste spaces of the Empire, but an example has been set that we are just at present seeking.

Now an immense development of production in iron and steel is needed to emancipate our Dominions and the Mother Country from dependence on foreign supplies, both of materials and of manufactured products. Again, let an Imperial Committee or organisation of the producers of iron and steel be formed, and they, too, can best advise the State as to how to regulate the supply of material so as "to facilitate the interchange of these resources" on a preferential basis.

Such is the principle of search for the answer to our text. Probably the Allies will agree to the recommendations of their delegates at the Paris Conference, for they are founded upon pure reason. But the method of action has yet to be suggested in each several department of production. And the crux of the whole position is how preferentially to distribute the supplies of manufacturing material —commonly called raw materials—produced in the various domains of the Allies. To avoid experimentation, to throw off the incubus of historic and scholastic prepossessions, the real practitioners in the spheres of production must be induced to associate and to announce their recommendations. The fashion of the past and the present in such inquiries is to appoint a Commission of first-rate cross-examining barristers to call and question witnesses sepa-

rately. These witnesses are of necessity excluded from mutual discussion, often petrified by the ineptness of the questions, which may easily overshoot the main facts whilst eliciting a mass of undigested contradictions. We have observed in these examinations, day after day, how the mind of the examiner, yielding possibly to unconscious bias, brings out a line of evidence to suit the bias. On the other hand, a board or association of everyday business men, but experts in their calling, will attribute no value to the argumentative faculty, whilst the most silent of them may be the most experienced and most respected.

Not only has the war disturbed the collation of statistics, but much of the information regarding metals has also become unreliable as to recent output. We have therefore to deal with pre-war figures, and give those of 1913.

The United States are by far the largest producers of copper, turning out 550,000 tons of the world's supply, which was 990,000 tons. The next largest is Japan with 72,000 tons, followed by Spain with 54,000 tons, and Australia with 47,000 tons. Canada turned out 34,000 tons, Germany a bare 25,000 tons, but it is to be suspected that a large proportion of Germany's quantity was obtained from imported concentrates or ores. The Allies produce amongst them about 220,000 tons annually, which in normal times probably would suffice for their needs.

When the war broke out the position of the copper industry in Australia, and, indeed, in the British Empire, was a pitiful humiliation and never to be forgotten. The whole output was under foreign domination and tight control. Years before the war I have asked the largest Australian producers why they did not sell directly to consumers so as to preserve a kind of independence. That was from the national standpoint and with a desire to know the causes. It was very courteously explained that such dealing was entirely impracticable, commercially impossible. We were shown that the world's output was controlled from New York by a hyphenated "syndicate" consisting of a mysterious but omnipotent Five, and that any producers attempting to set up direct trade would be inevitably swamped by the unseen but very real power. You all know what a long time it took in our own Courts to blow aside the smoke-clouds and to tear away some of the barbed-wire

entanglements so as to expose the citadel of the militant Five. The fortress was indeed exposed, but that it has been captured to the freedom of the nations no one will attempt to assert. It has been believed that the central capitalistic power resided in the Rothschilds' Frankfurt bank, but there will never be means of proof.

When the great explosion choked up the old channels and destroyed means of communication, the price of copper fell woefully, though in flattest contradiction to all previous experience and to rational expectation at the outbreak of war. The Australian banks would advance no more than £40 per ton, for the ostensible value was only £45. A sudden closing of the great mines was dreaded before it would be possible to arrange for direct sale to the principal consumers.

The Electrolytic Smelting Company of Australia, with works at Port Kembla, which I have visited upon different occasions, is the largest producer in the British Empire. It was indeed, up to the war and probably is still, the largest outside of the United States, the capacity being 29,000 tons electrolytic and 12,000 tons fire-refined copper per annum. Yet Australia drew no pipe nor wire, nor was a sheet rolled for her own large consumption. From year to year we manufacturers reproached our Government bitterly enough about it. No, not bitterly enough, for no attention was paid. We said again and again that as we did not roll a sheet of brass, there could be no production of cartridges for defence if trouble should come. Without local manufacture of basic metals, iron, steel, brass, and the rest, we could not be a nation.

But I have myself inspected the vast works of the Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft at Berlin, who used a large proportion of our Australian electrolytic copper, as preferring it to all other. The purity was 99·99 per cent., being absolutely clear of lead. Much or most of the remainder was worked up by the Imperial German munition factories. It all passed through London, through Aron Hirsch and Sohn, about as British as the recently retired Ignaz Nathan Tribich (*alias* Lincoln).

The Australian Government is fully awake now. The family gaps, the empty chairs, the blinded and crippled sons will be adequate reminders that only the strong man armed

keepeth his house, and that all that is worth having is worth protecting. And I make bold to say of the great Australian-owned mines and refining companies that their directors and managers are within my own knowledge solid and strenuous in their practical patriotism. A very recent and valuable proof of it is that in connection with Port Kembla a branch company has provided a capital of £200,000 to turn out all usual copper parts for manufacturing purposes, wire, sheet, tubing, cables, brass, bronzes, and other requisites. Such an installation emancipates the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and adjacent possessions from external interference or control in an important department of industry.

The largest individual silver-lead smelting works in the world are at Port Pirie, in South Australia, connected by rail with Broken Hill, the latter being also the largest mining camp of its kind in the world. It is really refreshing, not to say exhilarating, for the British Empire—and in particular for Australia—that we lead the world. But if these essentials were owned by Germany or owned by Americans, your present claim would be only an empty boast, paltry and contemptible. No pains should be spared to retain possession and control within the Empire.

The annual capacity of these works is from 150,000 to 200,000 tons of pig lead and from five to six million ounces of silver. The company produces litharge, antimonial lead, spelter, and other manufacturing material, possessing its own coke works, flux quarries, and the like. "Its ordinary soft pig lead stands exceedingly high in the estimation of consumers, for chemical work and for corroding. Assays show an average of lead 99·988 per cent." (Quin.)

We have seen how the Germans held the whole zinc output of Australia, as also of other countries, in their absolute control, disposing of the product as they thought fit—an autocracy. You have also before your minds the monstrous decision of a British judge, who declared from his exalted position that a German rubber company, formed with German capital, consisting of German shareholders, ostensibly a branch of a company domiciled in Germany, but trading in England in war-time, was still an English company, and not German, because it registered in England

its names, articles, and occupation! Can casuistry further go? But in contemplating the metal position we have to keep such a position in mind. In war-time the Government itself is forced to move by public clamour, whereas in peace-time there is no clamour and, by consequence, no movement. The reversal of his shameful decision does not therefore secure our future.

Forced, moreover, by war to face the truth, the zinc position has been rescued by our own citizens. A Zinc Producers' Association has been formed to handle the entire output of Australian concentrates. All the producers are members. While the war lasts, a quantity of at least 100,000 tons annually of concentrates will be treated in the United Kingdom. For ten years after the war Great Britain will take the same minimum annually; 40 per cent. of the zinc concentrates of Australia will be treated in that country, and 45,000 tons of spelter will be purchased thence by Great Britain. To treat a portion of the concentrates reserved for Australia, the Electrolytic Zinc Company of Australia, with a capital of £1,000,000, has been formed, to operate near Hobart, in Tasmania. Any excess of concentrates which cannot be handled locally or in Great Britain will be treated in Allied countries. There are other large zinc-smelting works springing into existence in Australia. And that there are vast deposits of ores unworked both in the south and the north of the continent can be demonstrated. (Quin's *Metal Handbook and Statistics*, 1917.)

In the zinc department Broken Hill is the most important field in the British Empire. The concentrates contain about 46 per cent. zinc, 8 per cent. lead, and 15 oz. silver per ton.

Now although the ore production of Germany had been steadily declining, her zinc production had increased from 190,000 tons in 1904 to 280,000 in 1913. That, compared with England, puts Germany first by five times the output. And such German output depended upon British Australian ores as principal source, whilst English production for four or five years showed a declining tendency.

We are full of hope, but have by no means thrown off the shackles that have been riveted upon our limbs during the half-century of blindness under *laissez-faire*. As, for

instance, out of the world's zinc production in 1912 of 975,000 tons, one-third (354,000 tons) was controlled by the German syndicate and nearly two-thirds (571,000 tons) by the International Syndicate. Otherwise stated, out of 975,000, 925 were "controlled" by two swindlicates, as they are very irreverently called. Japan accounts for the small balance. Consortium, combine, cartel, syndicate, all are powerless when they come into conflict with a resolute Government, be the State great or small. To this point we shall recur.

The whole saving of zinc from millions of tons of tailings and from refractory ores was due in no wise to the Germans, although they snatched and held the turnover and the chief profits. It was because of the curious and clever invention of the flotation process, doubtless familiar to all.

Mr. H. K. Picard at the Institute of Metals said: "The Germans had nothing whatever to do with the technical development of the flotation process from first to last. I am able to say that, because I have been connected with it from its inception. It was an invention that was made and developed in all its details by British metallurgists, and it was only after they had produced the concentrates that arrangements were made with the German smelters to treat them."

There were usually shipped from Australia from 450,000 to 500,000 tons of concentrates per annum, in German steamers as you would expect, the office of the exporting agent being in a building of the Norddeutscher Lloyd—just as it happened. I have been there in the course of my inquiries. The German consortium or conspiration could send prices up or down at their discretion and as the production could be made unprofitable, within discreet limits. And the German steamship lines must be considered. Perhaps out of sweet shamefacedness a twenty-fifth part (20,000 tons) of this British product was allowed to go to the United Kingdom. John Bull was becoming accustomed to a crumb from the table of Dives. You know the story of the final cancellation of the long-term contracts, so designed with cunning and foresight that war itself was not to annul them.

It may be added that whilst the production of zinc

ores in Belgium, France, and Germany has been steadily declining, there are grounds for the belief that Australia is inexhaustible, and that Canada—in particular British Columbia—will henceforth be a large producer.

The story of tin may soon be told as to results. But the internal history of metal exploitation, if it could be laid bare, would be a fascinating revelation.

In 1914 the British Empire produced 76,000 tons out of the world's supply of 113,000 tons, more than twice as much as the rest of the planet. Of our portion the Straits Settlements yielded about eleven-twelfths. Such a gorgeous plum in the pudding was not overlooked by the hyphenated Americans.

Accordingly, some years ago, an "American" syndicate acquired land near Singapore with the announced purpose of smelting tin-ores, the produce of Malaya. It is more than half the battle when a would-be monopolist obtains the handling of the bulk of that which he proposes to control. Smaller fry can be leisurely swallowed afterwards. But the Government of Malaya were alert, and *laissez-aller* had no attraction for them. They made such fiscal arrangements as vested in them the disposal of their country's product. The foreign syndicate was fain to sell back, at a loss, their land acquisition, and the smelting of all the tin-ores remains in British hands, the article itself in British disposition.

Pray do not think it irrelevant if I add that before the war broke out the same Government sent to the Mother Country a cheque for a cool three millions sterling to pay for the splendid battleship *Malaya*—I believe the first example of its kind. The ship has since taken a glorious part in the active defence of the Empire, and you know how the example has been followed.

By way of parallel with the tin production, it may be mentioned that of the world's supply of rubber 92 per cent. is of British providing, Malaya and the Straits Settlements being far in the lead. Thus is a truculent enemy made to feel what it means when, in the cause of civilisation, England brings on the whole puissance of her Empire.

Further, from the financial point of view, the value of tin produced by us was in 1900 £6,900,000, and in 1913 £13,500,000—doubled in a dozen years.

Burma heads the list as the world's greatest producer of tungsten. Only within the last few years this metal, its salts and alloys, have been brought into general use. "Its chief value lies in the fact that when added to steel the latter acquired the property of self-hardening. This renders it extremely valuable for high-speed cutting tools, and, in fact, four-fifths of the total output of tungsten is now absorbed in the manufacture of ferro-tungsten" for the purpose named.

But the whole of the British product at least was handled by a German company, the value of the Burma yield being, according to the *Handbook of India*, only about £150,000. It would be interesting to know what the value had swollen to by the time the Germans issued the hardened steel in saleable form. Only those who are intimately connected with manufacturing industries can estimate the importance of retaining control of such an essential, though the cash measure of it be small.

Following in the same connection, attention ought to be frequently drawn to a monopoly which has for about half a century remained in the hands of a German firm of bankers. It is silent, but the control is understood to have been quite undisputed during that long period. The remedy is perhaps not so easy of suggestion, and would require lengthier consideration than can here be given. Certainly we know that in Australia mines for working cinnabar, the usual ore of mercury, have repeatedly been opened. Spain and Italy are chief producers. Australia is not listed at all. It pays monopolists to buy out "claims" in that as in other metal, and to leave them unworked. Even in America the phenomenon is far from rare. The question that arises is: Would it not be well for a Government to acquire such mines and work them for the benefit of the country concerned?

Of manganese British India yields the greatest proportion, and the outturn could be reckoned at 800,000 tons a year, varying with demand and available freights. Again, this is a trump card in the steel trade, for its destination, and even the price, can be controlled under ordinances.

India issues half the world's supply of mica, whilst of asbestos the Canadian production has so vastly increased

that she apparently can supply the whole needs of the planet.

Of nickel, whose beauty and usefulness are so familiar to all, the two great sources are Canada and New Caledonia. Here again comes in the control by a New York metal syndicate, the real exploitation being out of the hands of either British or French. The actual interest of France in the mines of New Caledonia must now be small indeed, but those great fundamental facts are just where statistics utterly fail us. They are hidden, carefully hidden in board-rooms and iron safes, and nothing but a Royal Commission of independent business men could extract the knowledge that ought to be in the full view of Parliament and public. Not as to nickel only, but in all departments of metal provenance this obscurantism involves the bases of our national defence and prosperity.

Of the rare metals, countries producing bismuth are extremely few, Australia being one of them, also subjected to a close monopoly by the owners of the world's quicksilver.

A monopoly of the thorium group by Auer von Welsbach and his satellites was obtained by another way round. By a comprehensive claim for a patent of monopoly over the use of "rare earths," backed by overwhelming financial power, immense revenues were extracted from civilised mankind to the great retardation of progress in glow-lights. After the battle for monopoly had been won as against the harmless, useful public—that pays for everything, and gives its wealth, limbs, and lives when trouble occurs—I said to a winning barrister, "Surely those claims were very wide, covering a string of natural agents indefinitely." He replied, "I only wish I had been on the other side."

Our patent laws are wrongly so-called, for the true expression is "monopolies of invention." A volume could be written upon the unrighteous exploitation of our people for the benefit chiefly of avaricious and idle foreigners. The public knows nothing of these exactions, permitted in some countries and prohibited in others, because lawyers in Parliament are not much addicted to enlightening the people in such matters. The attempted monopoly in legal form of the use of the natural agent of cyanogen in the extraction of gold was one of the most notorious. Yet in

countries where the monopoly was permitted the profits were great.

Molybdenum is also employed by manufacturers of incandescent electric lamps. As Australia is the chief source, it is probable that care will be taken to prevent at least German or Austrian exploitation. That the total value is small may be only a point in favour of the monopolist in obtaining high profits out of his ultimate products.

By way of explaining our success in Empire-building we have all heard *ad nauseam* the aphorism, "The flag follows trade." It puts in the shadow the work and the exploits of our brave soldiers and hardy sailors, our bold explorers and self-denying missionaries, who have upheld the honour of our race, made stable the Imperial sway, and spread over all the world the glamour of the British name. But back of these, again, were the industrials who made things possible, and in their way, too, were enterprising.

The *Economist* of December 16th last gives the following figures :—

Germany exported in 1900 800,000 tons iron and steel.

United Kingdom exported in 1900 3,300,000 tons iron and steel.

Germany exported in year before the war 6,000,000 tons iron and steel.

United Kingdom exported in year before the war 5,000,000 tons of iron and steel.

From Quin's *Metal Handbook* I find :—

Iron, Germany produced in 1913 30,000,000 tons.

Iron, United Kingdom produced in 1913 10,000,000 tons.

Steel, Germany produced in 1913 19,000,000 tons.

Steel, United Kingdom produced in 1913 under 8,000,000 tons.

America produced much more than either of them, although the ore and the coal are separated in America by long distances, whereas in England and Scotland they are practically side by side.

What the Empire urgently requires is the installation of many more steel plants and blast furnaces at home and overseas. New Zealand contemplates producing her own requirements; Australia has two plants already at work,

and it is to be hoped that there will be at least one in each State within a few years.

India is a shipper of foundry iron, and presumably the industry will expand.

Certainly the supply of material for the steel industry is inexhaustible in Australasia, the metal contents of the ores being remarkably high and the chemical constitution satisfactory. And anyone taking the trouble to study the demography of iron and coal districts will find that health and vitality, quality of the inhabitants, and rate of reproduction surpass all other districts as divided by lines of business occupation. I have not space to explain the reasons, but the facts should suffice.

Vastly more important than the wealth of nations is the strength of nations. The "great" political economists, Stuart Mill, Spencer, de Molinari, Joseph Garnier, Yves Guyot, were all Malthusian. Their remedy for poverty was not the utilisation of human powers and faculties in well-remunerated industries, devised scientifically in advance, founded, fostered, and protected in all conceivable ways, but by artificial restriction of births. Stuart Mill's horrid phrase was, "We must devise means to stem this devastating torrent of babies." And he succeeded with his collaborators in reducing national reproduction close to the death-line in England, and in France just below it.

Had the great army of the unborn been planted upon the limitless spaces of these two Empires there would to-day be no lack of food, no dearth of men to crush the barbarians of Central Europe.

The State *v.* the Farmer

By Agricola

FARMERS stand apart from other classes in this war, on their trial. Exempt, with their sons, from military or national service; free from war taxation; assured, as always by war, of great profits, and recently guaranteed a prosperous future by the Government, they stand in sharp contrast to others before the public eye. It is true that shipowners hold a somewhat similar position, but the analogy does not carry far, for they have seen the bulk of their vessels commandeered, and their future is altogether uncertain. Neutral rivals, especially America, have made immeasurable profits and are preparing an onslaught upon our supremacy. The shipowner also has been heavily taxed, and his sons are not exempt from military service; nor can Protection shield him as it will the farmer.

No! The farmer stands alone, on trial, and the public is forming its opinion. Let us examine the case against him as it appears in Parliament and in the Press to-day.

The farmer showed up badly during the period of voluntary recruiting. He was notoriously unwilling to make any sacrifice; he never encouraged his labourers to recruit, but he did his best to prevent his sons from enlisting.

That was a black mark against him! When compulsory service came in he showed up worse than ever. There was a rush to send off the married labourer and install the single son of the farmer in his place, so that he could be exempt under the Bath Agreement. Innumerable cases have appeared in the Press of the married labourer being allowed to go without appeal, whilst the single son was instantly called "horseman" or "waggoner" and claimed as the statutory minimum that could not be taken.

This has been exaggerated possibly, but the fact remains

beyond contradiction, and is one of the most widespread and gravest of all the scandals of the war.

The rural Tribunals have been a lamentable failure! City Tribunals have dealt fairly with applicants, whom they could hardly know personally; considering the national interest with an unbiassed eye. But the County Tribunal was doomed to failure by its constitution.

Made up of friends and neighbours (to say nothing of relations), how could they send their sons or their labourers to a war in which there was so little local interest?

It was a predestined fiasco!

These men are absolutely unpatriotic! Not only in deed (as related), but in spirit, they betray themselves careless of the State. Their subscriptions to war loans and war charities are negligible considering the wealth amassed, and the only interest they show in this desperate and bloody struggle is a sincere desire for its prolongation. The townsman has lost his business and mortgaged his future; his only son, perhaps, has vanished; and he may have lost his all. But he is moved by a spirit of patriotism, a sincere love of his Fatherland. He counts his losses naught! And they are naught if the sacrifice is equal and universal. But if not . . . ? If others are getting rich at the expense of his ruin, battening upon the blood of his children . . . what then? The farmer has given nothing and taken all. He betrays a horrible spirit of greed, and he has made no effort to help. Refusing substituted labour to release the fit men remaining, and always growing richer on his country's need, he is a scandal, crying aloud to Heaven!

Only those who have known him well can appreciate the truth of this indictment. In any other country it would not be allowed. In France and Germany all the men have gone, whether farmers or farmers' sons. Women, children, old men, and wounded soldiers till the soil of France and Germany (and other belligerent countries), and only in England is such a scandal possible. It must be rectified at once! A capital tax must recover their ill-gotten gains, and they must be taught the lesson that their countrymen have learned in these bitter years.

This is the case against the farmer as it appears, unchallenged, before the nation.

What can he say in his defence?

The farmer is dumb. He reads not, neither does he write. He is illiterate and uncivilised beside the townsman. But although he be inarticulate there is much to be said on his side.

The British farmer is the "Great Exception." Abandoned, notoriously and shamefully, by the nation a generation ago, when wheat fell to 23*s.* a quarter before the combined effect of Free Trade, steamships, and American wheat-lands, nearly the whole race perished. Not only were they ruined, but they were callously abandoned! Not a finger was lifted to save them, although it was just as certain then, as it is now, that the decay of agriculture must gravely injure a State.

But *laisser-faire* ruled, and they were left to sink or swim.

Only the beneficence of our landowners saved a few; and these survivors, battered and dismayed, never recovered their spirit.

Every living farmer is as keenly aware of the Great Disaster as though it happened yesterday. They have long memories, and the lesson was driven deeply home.

This is why the British farmer is *the* Individualist, *the* anti-social member of the polity. The State told him emphatically that he must swim or sink alone; that none cared whether agriculture survived or not so long as food came cheaply from overseas; and he has remembered it.

The submarine is the answer to that statement!

All through the first two and a half years of war the farmer found himself ignored. He protested that the depletion of his labour was making it increasingly difficult to grow his crops; that his land was growing fouler; that first one handicap, then another, was being imposed; and that the certain consequence was a decreasing supply of home-grown food.

But his cries went unheeded! A high official told the writer (when the case was presented and the result foretold) that as food could always be obtained from abroad, the men must go from the land even though our agriculture came to a complete standstill; for if we lost the war, nothing else mattered.

That this very point might itself lose us the war could not be driven home! It was the official attitude; and was unchanged until Christmas, 1916, when the persistence of the German submarines opened a new chapter!

The present situation was well set forth by the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Prothero, in January last: "When wheat was 23*s.* a quarter the people took no notice of the ruin caused to farmers. Now that it is 83*s.* they cry to Heaven for a reduction." The first-fruit of this cry was the appointment of a Food Controller, who proceeded to affix maximum prices to milk and potatoes.

The immediate result was to stop the planting of potatoes, and the maximum was hurriedly declared to be a minimum!

The result of the Milk Order has yet to be seen.

But this sort of thing is not encouraging, and is not exactly appropriate at this critical moment.

As if to further encourage the farmer, it was announced that many more able-bodied labourers were to be taken into the Army. Then came the minimum prices—tempting enough for the future, but too late to increase the coming harvest;—and, finally, Mr. Henderson announced that unless the farmer *now* produced more food the control of the land would be taken out of his hands!

All through the war the farmer has fought to keep the land in cultivation and struggled to retain the necessary labour; only to be charged with unpatriotism! Yet surely he was right and his traducers wrong!

As to the charge of "profiteering," the farmer protests bitterly against its unfairness. A generation ago his class was ruined by cheap imported food, and it is only justice that now, when prices are better, he should be allowed to consolidate himself without such attacks being made.

Before the war very few British farmers were in a sound financial position. Only a minimum had sufficient capital, most of them working on credit granted by the merchants (not the banks) who sold them goods and bought their produce. Payment after harvest for the bills incurred in the previous spring was the general rule, and, this being so, it is to the interest of the State that they should establish themselves on a sound financial basis. The farmer's profits do not fly abroad, neither are they invested in

shares, nor are they gambled away, nor spent in rich living, but re-invested in his farm to increase the stock both in quality and quantity.

It is madness to talk of penalising him with taxation! Let him first become solvent.

The general charge of unpatriotism falls to the ground. If the State has forced the farmer to play a lone hand for a generation, it cannot suddenly turn round and denounce him for doing it! If he was justified in striving to keep essential labour on the land, despite the neglect of the Government, he cannot be impeached as a traitor!

After all, he may be the greatest of patriots!

The new minimum prices are but a tardy recognition of his case, and they may be looked upon as a justification of his position.

This is the case for and against the farmer, and judgment must be suspended until the war is finished.

The minimum prices came too late to help 1917, and if the war continues through next winter the food situation will be too serious for further compromise. The Government will be compelled next autumn to adopt State distribution of food and State control of agriculture. Nothing else will be possible, and the farmer's position will be settled thereby quite definitely.

If the Government is foresighted, it will have in preparation the necessary organisation.

By the end of July it will be fairly clear whether the war can be won this year or not; and if not, the arrangements for controlling agriculture and rationing the public must be at once brought into force.

It will not do to be too late over this question. The consequences would be too serious!

Britain's Lesson

By Austin Harrison

In the official German Report on the Boer War—a report which all who have read it must recognise to be at once judicial and scientific—the reason for the many weaknesses and failures of our operations is ascribed to an *over-centralisation* in the Command or the lack of a properly designed and trained General Staff; in plain words, the absence of responsibility. That judgment is to-day the considered judgment of the Dardanelles Commission as expressed in the melancholy Report on the "origin and inception" of the disastrous Gallipoli expedition.

The Boer War taught us nothing, and the system of centralisation became more vicious than ever. Victory served but to accentuate the evils of hero-worship, or system of personality, and so when war found us, in 1914, superbly unprepared alike politically and militarily, the three men who conducted the war were, as the Report says, Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, and Mr. Churchill—the three men at the time most popularly in the public's eye, and in their hands centralisation became complete to the utter *elimination of responsibility*, exactly as it was in the days of the Krüger ultimatum.

The Dardanelles Report, so far as we are permitted to know it, reveals little that any intelligent man conversant with our British insularity and hatred of science, lack of system and military responsibility did not know and could not, without any examination of the facts, himself have stated. In this Review, as its readers are aware, this question of *responsibility* has been insisted upon month after month for the last two years, and any and all attacks that may have been made on this or that public servant have invariably been dictated by impersonal motives of patriotism, based on the duty of civic responsibility in war. Let me recall what I wrote in these pages, December, 1915:

"Take one instance," [of the lack of responsibility] "the Dardanelles. Now it is clear from Mr. Churchill's speech that the soldiers and sailors agreed to that, militarily, inadequately prepared expedition; it is equally clear that he, or the Cabinet—since Mr. Asquith has assumed collective responsibility for the expedition the onus is therefore not individual—*induced the military advisers to consent to it.* Has anyone been made responsible?

"Here we have a positive instance of a *politically inspired* operation. Soldier and sailor disliked it. I believe I am right in saying that General Joffre disapproved of it. Yet it was proceeded with in the *hayrush fashion* of the Boer War days. Thousands of lives were lost over Achi Baba Hill, yet when our ships bombarded the forts we had 'spotters' standing on the top of it—the very place which subsequently proved the grave of the whole expedition owing to the amateurish delay between the land operations and the naval attack—which put one Turkish gun out of action.

"Mr. Asquith told us he was never more disappointed. *That is precisely the trouble.* The politicians conceived the idea, and having in a country run by politicians the power, they initiated the operations, which is the *one thing in war that politicians should not be allowed to do.*

"The shameful truth is that the Dardanelles fiasco is the inevitable result of politicians interfering with what they don't understand; playing at soldiers, in short. The danger of it is that these politicians refuse to accept the responsibility they proclaim; refuse to be made responsible either to the country or to Parliament.

"A nation which fights without responsibility, which allows its politicians, however admirable they may be in peace, to override military advice, to initiate operations, to conduct the war in brief, is deliberately courting disaster. Without responsibility there can be no efficiency: without efficiency success can only be *accidental.* That is a truth no sane man will question. Its realisation is the entire secret of German success; its non-realisation here is the sole reason of our failures.

"The German and French system is the ruthless penalty for failure, or responsibility; here we have destroyed the very idea of responsibility, and attempted to destroy it even

in the Navy—thus the abolition of courts-martial and the *whittling away* of the *authority which should belong to the Naval Lords.*

"And so, instead of responsibility, we have controversy, which, as Service men are not permitted to speak, invariably rests in favour of the politician, as we have seen again and again. *They have destroyed the whole spirit of military responsibility.*"

These words were written in 1915. Every sentence receives full justification in the Dardanelles Report. I think I am justified in claiming that what we have fought for consistently month by month is proved right and true, so that this REVIEW can justly claim to have done "its bit" in the service of national utility, for never was criticism so entirely upheld. The verdict passed over a year ago in these pages on the Dardanelles failure is the verdict of the Dardanelles Commission to-day, almost word for word.

The publication of the Report is, of course, a colossal folly which only England would commit at this crisis, for it is the exposure of our whole national system and the grave of our great reputations. But there is the undeniable element of greatness in such publicity. It literally staggers us. No true Englishman can read it without a burning feeling of shame and indignation. All our idols fall shattered to the ground. We find our great Admirals too timid to speak; Lord Kitchener acting with Oriental secrecy; Mr. Asquith doing nothing at all; and a War Council which actually does not meet, and when it does leaves those who attended it bemused and mystified. It is a confession of national ignominy without parallel, and yet I am glad we had the courage to publish it, for that at least was a brave act. One clutches at this act, honours it. I believe all the world over men will marvel at that simplicity of British greatness and love us for it.

The Report finds that the overpowering personality of Lord Kitchener dominated the situation, so that every other soldier regarded himself as a *silent subordinate*. The Naval Lords apparently had nothing to say, and were superseded by a "*War Staff group.*" The Prime Minister's War Council was little more than a debating society where decisions were evaded rather than taken, and

during the two eventful months in question the War Council itself was suspended.

It is evident that Lord Kitchener originally disliked the operation because he was short of soldiers (he was also short of shells, but I see no mention of that in the Report); it is proved that Lord Fisher disliked it intensely, and, but for Mr. Churchill's determination to persist, possibly the project would have been abandoned. And then we have this illuminating incident.

Lord Fisher rises from the table—to resign. Lord Kitchener intercepts him at the window; they parley, and Lord Fisher is prevailed upon not to resign. Subsequently Mr. Churchill exercises pressure, and so Lord Fisher silently concurs.

Here we have a flagrant example of the unscientific system. The politicians are very keen; the soldier somewhat reluctantly consents (never consulting the Staff) and persuades the responsible Naval authority to assent, also against his deliberate opinion, because the system of idolism does not allow the soldiers and sailors to decide or even to object, their one alternative being resignation—which is unpopular, and the man who dares unpopularity is adjudged a fool.

In all this the *rôle* of Lord Fisher is pathetic, so paradoxical as to seem to call for further elucidation. Hitherto we have been told by Lord Fisher's opponents that it is his masterful personality which they hate, that the man over-centralised to such an extent that the Naval Board and all other Admirals had no authority. Yet the part played by Lord Fisher would seem to have been that of a sequacious timidity, not at all that of a forceful or self-confident personality. A few whispered words from Lord Kitchener overrule him. Instead of the autocratic bull-dog self-assertiveness we have been led to regard as his merit or demerit, we see him hesitant, tongue-tied, subjugated, by no manner of interpretation the wilful, overmastering figure of legend. Surely something is left out in this presentation. Is this all? Is this Jack Fisher, father of the Dreadnought? *

The Report says that Mr. Churchill's enthusiasm was

* Of course we don't know what political pressure was put on him—an important omission.

apparently based on his belief in the big guns of the *Queen Elizabeth*. It is extraordinarily funny. Mr. Churchill was fresh from Antwerp—he thought in big guns. With that lack of judgment which is his temperamental (and fatal) weakness he imagined that straight fire was the way to silence forts, quite forgetting that the German success against forts was due to high angle fire, as any ship's cook could have told him. But neither admiral nor midshipman did correct him—that is the *real point to notice*. The playground or unscientific spirit prevailed—in those days Mr. Churchill was acclaimed as Marlborough the Second—and so out sailed the *Queen Elizabeth* to make the astonishing technical discovery on the spot that her big guns could not be elevated, and lucky she was in escaping the mine or torpedo. One wonders which eye Nelson would have turned upon Mr. Churchill on receiving orders to "burst through." The system being unscientific, the system failed, and there is nothing more to be said about it.

It is essential to grasp the significance of a system which could thus risk our capital ships in so amateurish a fashion, for only by realising the appalling danger of the system are we in the least likely to change it for the proper one of scientific naval responsibility. And what we see is a *régime* of personality which takes decisions unknown to the War Council, against the will of the Naval authorities, who, as the result of talk, pressure, and political exigency, seem unable even to correct the technical misapprehension regarding straight and high angle fire entertained by the politician in authority, if by accident he happens himself to be a popular personality. The muddle, in short, was complete. From the hour that Lord Kitchener was induced to consent on the presumption that the ships might do the job for him—in which vagueness of military design Sir Ian Hamilton was sent out—the project drifted into "the domain of action," for no man dared to question Lord Kitchener's authority, he himself being "mainly responsible" for the disastrous delay in not sending troops to support the attack by ships.

The vagueness described as existing in the War Councils prevailed in the military sphere. There was no plan of campaign, no objective. The thing seems to have been started like the Antwerp expedition. Throughout

we see an almost comic miscalculation of the enemy's strength, of the immense military difficulties involved, the idea being apparently that the ships would sail through the Narrows after firing a few shots at a few old-fashioned Sultanic forts. [What about the report on the Krupp guns installed on the peninsula, which I believe exists?] General Sir Ian Hamilton received no Staff instructions. He was sent out with inadequate forces and, by the way, with faulty maps as a kind of subsidiary adventure without knowledge of his objective, without even being informed where he was to land, and it was left to him to do what he could and as he could, and then he was starved precisely as the Mesopotamian expedition was starved; as the Serbian defence was starved (again for political reasons); as the Salonika expedition has been starved; as, finally, Roumania was starved and left to fend for herself. I think it is clear that no blame attaches to Sir Ian Hamilton—certainly no Continental court-martial would censure him in the absence of proper Staff instructions.

Identically the same reason operated in all these cases. The politicians acted independently of the soldiers; always personality obtained in the total absence of a proper General Staff and the General Staff mind and of responsibility. The Dardanelles fiasco was repeated in all these cases for exactly the same cause. In the case of Serbia the politicians were bent on diplomatising with Bulgaria, and so military considerations were overruled. In the case of Salonika the soldiers prevailed and themselves began to politicise in Greece. In the case of Mesopotamia there was again a complete lack of military co-ordination and responsibility. In the case of Roumania the politicians once more got the upper hand, again against the advice of several General Staffs, resulting in the greatest Allied disaster so far in the war. All these blunders were the result of the lack of a proper General Staff mind, the lack of responsibility—the *unscientific attitude*.

This is the lesson of the Dardanelles Report. Its publication will serve no purpose unless we realise the meaning of this indictment, unless we obtain a true diagnosis. And what we have to grasp is that it is an impeachment of popular government and our educational system.*

* *Vide* Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's criticisms of the low plane of education at Sandhurst, etc., long before the war.

And what it really shows is that in the conditions prevailing a man can become Prime Minister, Lord of the Admiralty, and what not—Tribich Lincoln got into Parliament and halfway up the ladder—for no other reason than that an ignorant opinion proclaims him as the hero of the day. Such was Lord Kitchener's position. He himself disliked it, but found himself pushed into an overlordship, heralded as a mystery-man, a super-Napoleon, by Press and clamour, and became the victim of the people's illusion. It was not his fault. The system in all this sad business invariably proved too strong for the individual. The popular men of the day become the slaves of the system of popularity, weakening all responsibility, all initiative, all scientific perspective. Demos demands hero-worship. The Press finds a profitable sensationalism in discovering the heroes. Once in position, the heroes find themselves the slaves of the system which is destined to destroy them.

Such is the result of government by popular personality. There is no standard. Criticism is rejected by a Democracy in need of heroes. The values are personal. In truth, it is the inevitable result of Commercialism acting on a low plane of education in a country where popularity is the criterion of political power and the prizes and values are commercial.

To shirk this truth is to ignore the moral of the Report. I don't think we have any right to denounce the unhappy actors in the Gallipoli tragedy, for we are all equally to blame for their incompetency. If Lord Kitchener arrogated to himself a sphinx-like incommunicativeness we are to blame, we on the Press, the public, Parliament, and the intelligence of the country, for tolerating the system which demands semi-gods instead of efficient and responsible servants. If Lord Fisher failed to correct Mr. Churchill's boyish belief in straight fire against forts, we are to blame (Mr. Churchill did his best) for permitting a system which places the Naval Lords under the direction of a civilian. If Mr. Asquith's War Council did not sit for two months during the awful crisis in question, we are to blame for allowing a benevolent lawyer sublimely ignorant of European war to conduct war. If our heroes fail us, it is our fault for not enforcing responsibility, for not demanding intelligent criticism, for not seeing to it

that we have proper standards, values, and principles whereby to judge and know our masters—and ourselves. To damn these men to-day is to condemn ourselves. The system requires gods—unfortunately men are mortals. Our whole public life is against scientific idea, system, responsibility. Lord Kitchener found that he was expected to know everything, to be all, to do all—his task was beyond any one man's. Mr. Asquith till quite recently was deemed indispensable and was so acclaimed even by one of the Cecils. It is our system, the product of Commercialism where the values are popularity. To-day we are doing the same thing with poor Mr. Lloyd George. He is our latest god. He is billed to take the place of Lord Kitchener; to-morrow it may be Mr. Kennedy Jones. But we are the people to blame, not the victims of our blindness. We who hate criticism, who see commercially, who despise science, system, discipline, and education. So long as we submit to popular government and the unscientific idea, what right have we to expect efficiency, responsibility? What right has the Press to anathematise these tragic figures of the Gallipoli drama, when it was the Press which raised them to godhead, the Press which refused to criticise them, the Press which tolerated the system, the Press which neither sought responsibility from them nor any impersonal responsibility from itself?

Of course, there have been notable exceptions both of men and newspapers, but that does not alter the outstanding truth that had any newspaper in 1915 denounced all these men as amateurs playing with war, embarking on great expeditions with a levity without example, there would have been a public outcry as there was in the case of shells, and members of the Stock Exchange would have burnt that newspaper with delight. That is the evil of the system of irresponsible popularity. Only the popular man or thing of the hour counts, exactly as the cut of women's gowns, and any attempt to stem the tide of popular gush and sensationalism is resented and, indeed, made impossible. When the exposure comes, then we demand scapegoats. Unfairly. Mr. Churchill, for instance, made a fool of himself over guns, but he seems to have been the one man who knew his own mind, who could take a decision, who *did not show irresolution;* and after all, if we will put a civilian to run

the Navy, really it is not his fault if he fails to discover the backfire of cordite, for instance; so that, on the whole, Mr. Churchill issues from the Report as no worse than the others—at least an energy among that galaxy of celebrities, military, naval, or political, for surely he might justly count on expert correction of faulty technical opinion, and I think he can fairly claim to have been let down by his advisers.* He at least showed character. The others showed neither character, nor knowledge, nor even common sense.

We must face this question. If we do not insist upon a proper General Staff, we must expect to have disasters of the Gallipoli and Roumanian kind. If we allow civilians to hypnotise the Admiralty, we must expect technical inexactitudes. If we do not enforce responsibility from our Ministers, we must expect blunders, failures—anything. If we tolerate government by personality, by secret Cabinet, by "War Group" intrigue, we shall get irresponsibility and so inefficiency. If the Press considers its business in the greatest crisis in our history is to constitute itself as a Hurrah machine, we have no right to cry out if the machine goes wrong, for we are but accomplices and abettors ourselves. If we will have hero-worship, then we cannot complain if humanity proves unequal to the *rôle*. If—and this is what the system amounts to—we refuse to face facts, to think scientifically, to demand efficient government, political and military, then we must expect what we deserve—Mr. Asquith's irresponsibility or a Hotel autocracy, and all the waste, expenditure, inefficiency, and amateurish management that an amateurish system conditions. And that is the finding of the Dardanelles Report.

Now the question is: Have we improved upon this amateurish system; have we any true reason to suppose that to-day politicians can no longer dictate to the soldiers and sailors; lastly, have we a *General Staff system*, a *General Staff mind*, a *General Staff responsibility?* Have we, in short, changed our methods under Mr. George's government, so that henceforth there will be no more

* When Mr. Churchill talked about "digging out" the German Navy, he merely voiced, with a politician's rhetoric, the unscientific idea prevailing. It should have been evident then to the Army and Navy that he was a dangerous man to give authority to. I question whether Mr. George's "knock-out" prophecy shows much advance in this respect.

Gallipolis or Salonikas or Roumanias? That is the supreme question of the hour.

We are told so. *The Times* (March 9th) is apparently confident about it. I wish I could think so. We have more secrecy* than before. Government to-day is actually by censorship. But beyond that there are a good many signs of personal rule with no responsibility at all; nor do I detect any radical change in the system of military responsibility, which is the most important reform needed.

Let me refer to three incidents. First, the Tanks. Now against French military advice we used the Tanks experimentally, and so gave away their secret. Has the man responsible for that amateurish act been punished? Their experimental use showed bad Staff work. We have not been told of any censure in that connection. Has there been?

The second point is our failure to discover the recent German retreat. We are assured of our aerial supremacy. If that is so, how is it our Intelligence eye in the air *failed to discover this vital strategic move* on the part of the enemy? Clearly our Intelligence failed. It failed in its vital function. Who is responsible? If the eye of the Staff fails, the strategy also is likely to fail. The foolish attempt made in the Press to show that the Germans retired as the result of our "new gas shells" is merely stupid and was much resented by our soldiers. The fact remains that the Germans effected a highly important strategic retirement and that our Intelligence was unaware of it, as otherwise the enemy would not have been permitted *to retire so securely*. It is necessary to state this even at the risk of being misunderstood. For, delighted as we all are at this German evacuation of ground, it would have been far more gratifying had we discovered it betimes and turned it into a precipitate retreat. Recovery of ground voluntarily abandoned will not win the war. Moreover, we have yet to see whether this strategic withdrawal is defensive or offensive, which latter, in my opinion, is in all probability the case, in which eventuality the initiative will have again passed to the enemy.

* The suppression of shipping tonnage sunk bars Parliament and Public from having the smallest idea of the progress of submarine warfare. Why more fog?

Again, the question of men. At the eleventh hour, on the eve of the great offensive, the discovery is made that we are short of effectives. I say discovery, as otherwise how explain this sudden scramble for men? We had the whole winter to consider the matter. Why is it that in March we make this discovery? Is it that we underestimated (as usual) the enemy's strength? It looks painfully like it. Evidently there has been a grave miscalculation, a want of military and political co-ordination. This is a Staff matter. What was it doing since Christmas? Is it another grave mis-estimate, due to that foolish optimism which has been our curse ever since the battle of the Marne? Here is a vital question of responsibility. Does this show much improvement upon the system exposed in the Dardanelles Report?

In the face of the Dardanelles exposure we have every reason—it is our national duty—to demand an answer. It is false to urge that this was the fault of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Lloyd George the other day spoke about a "knock-out." Sir Douglas Haig assured some French journalists that he was going to secure a military decision. If so, why this belated scrimmage for men who cannot be ready for the field now until the late summer? What does this mean? If Mr. George was so cocksure, presumably he thought we had the men. Obviously now he thinks we have not, and this second thought is in all probability right. The only conclusion is that he spoke without knowledge of the facts. Is this an improvement? Almost before we had recovered from the self-assurance of these prophetic pronouncements, we learn that the Germans had secretly removed the target from the positional guns on the Somme, unknown to our Staff; and before we have recovered from that surprise we are faced with a St. Ermine's problem, and the cry goes round that we are very short of bayonets.

I ask Mr. Lloyd George: Is it a responsible utterance for a Prime Minister to inform the world what he is going to do, and then some months later to have to tell his countrymen that he lacks the men to do it with?

We would do well to consider whether we are not falling now into the same blind hero-worship (of the new characters) as we did in the case of the old reputations, and whether it is not our public duty at this hour to know more

about the system of responsibility obtaining, and how far it has changed *in reality* from that which led us into Gallipoli and only yesterday into the unpardonable crime of Roumania.

Some of us knew all about these matters months ago. I hope I am not committing an indiscretion when I say that I know for a fact that Lord Northcliffe was chiefly instrumental in forcing the truth of the situation on Gallipoli upon the notice of the Government in 1915 and compelling them to do the only thing possible and recall that luckless expedition, and I doubt whether without his efforts and presentation of first-hand evidence the expedition would have been recalled, at any rate for some months before the decision was taken. As the fault of our system is irresponsibility, so the reason of that is our English *unscientific* idea. That is what the Report reveals, and unless we realise that Gallipoli was the inevitable result of the unscientific mind we shall have no improvement. The Report is the historic condemnation of the Eton playground idea.

More than ever the Report proves the need of honest criticism, of newspaper responsibility, of an independent platform of judgment, without which the country has no check on the system and no standard whereby to judge it. If the intelligence of Britain, without articulate expression, without party or pulpit, fails to see the *bankruptcy of our system* after reading that Report, and fails to band itself together to work and fight for the reforms necessary—if we are to have efficient and responsible public servants, military and political—then the Dardanelles Report will have been published in vain, and we shall continue to have personality or popular rule with all its inevitable consequences, however much the figure-heads change, no matter how many hotels Mr. George or the popular idols of the hour who may succeed him commandeer, and whatever the display of a bureaucracy or however loud the tum-tum of a popular Press behind it.

The Knell of Feudalism

By Austin Harrison

THE benign revolution which has deposed the Tsar and affirmed the sovereignty of the Russian people is but a logical step in the evolution of that New Europe which inevitably will emerge from the ruins of the Kaiser's world-war. It has not gone the way he intended. When the German Emperor decided to strike for Pan-German domination, completing the fell work of Catherine, Maria Theresa, and Frederick—whose motto: "He is a fool and that nation is a fool who, having the power to strike down his enemy unawares, does not so strike and strike his deadliest," has ever since been the principle of German statesmanship—little did he foresee the cataclysm that his irruption upon a little neutral nation would lead to or the counter-forces it would provoke. The Kaiser struck for Feudalism, for the assertion of kingly right and conquest. He was to re-create the ancient Gothic spirit, to succeed where Napoleon had failed; but from the hour of the historic reverse of German arms at the Marne the war passed from his hands into the keeping of the new spirit of Man, whose justification he had challenged and who henceforth rose to measure strength with the Roman anachronism of Prussia.

It is in this sense that thoughtful men will view the recent upheaval in Russia. We shall be wise not to draw hasty conclusions. In itself the event is epochal, if only as the victory of Democratic liberty in Russia, where, it must be remembered, far more than half the people are illiterate. Superficially we may say that it is merely the determination of the people to depose the pro-German Court party so as to wage war more energetically, and no doubt that is so. But that is only its surface manifestation. Underneath, the revolution proclaims the new force of Russian Liberalism, the back-

bone of which is Socialism. And here we find this paradox, one of the many paradoxes of the war, that Russian Socialism is the direct product of German Social Democracy, alike in teaching and organisation under the inspiration of Karl Marx, the founder of International Social Democracy. There are two main lines of movement: one a strong national or militarist evolution, with the object of fighting the enemy; the other an idealistic, Socialist, subversive development tending constructively in the direction of Republicanism, with exceedingly potential effects both upon the German situation within and the Russian situation without.

The question really is: What power will the new Government possess over the people thus suddenly liberated from the age-long servility of superstition to authority, and whether that power can be organic? No doubt much will depend upon the military situation—perhaps all will depend upon it. But at least we can say this: The Petrograd revolution has cut at the roots of ancient Russia, and the thing that was thought unthinkable has been made a reality, thereby sounding the knell of Feudalism on the Neva and in Europe. That in itself is a stupendous innovation which cannot fail to strike at the heart of old Monarchical Europe and at many of its institutions. In Russia it preludes the end of autocracy, of government by caste, of the old *régime* founded on a military theocracy. Russia is the land of infinite possibilities. The potentialities of a new Russia awake under a self-constituted Government are prodigious both in a constructive and anarchical sense. Overnight the moujik has lost his ikon—that is the position. What will he make of his discovery? Will he grasp the opportunity, will he understand it? Will those who lead him grasp their opportunity? I believe they will?

In Europe the situation seems already clearer. One of the great principles of the war has been won. That is a notable victory. We may say that it leaves the Heads of the Germanic-Austrian Empires with but one alternative. They either have to win outright or they will share the fate of the war. At first we regarded this as another national war, but men have long ago come to see that the struggle is

essentially international, European, the end of which must now have a spiritually European significance. Almost it would seem this madness had to be. Historical anomalies had to be swept away. The principles which hitherto have governed nations and European Courts and Chanceries had to be destroyed by violence. Old Europe, with its huge systems of militarism and vested kingship, its mediæval legacies and antiquated superstitions, was in 1914 a kaleidoscope of paradox and unreality, of things that had not died, of things that refused to die, of things that seemed unlikely ever to die in latent warfare with the science of the new humanity, and its things that cried for life. We went to war with the cry of Liberty on our lips—the cause of Liberty has been won in the least expected place, in the land of Absolutism. We thought we were fighting for Nationality—to-day we are beginning to realise that this is no struggle for political or military geography, but rather the clash of civilisations grouped together for reasons of a common self-defence, fighting for principles which in part are as interchangeable as they are contradictory, even in the sphere of religion.

This war has long ceased to be a matter of geography, of dynasty, of militarism. It is no longer the Kaiser's war which was to subjugate and Germanise Europe; it is *Europe's war*, the struggle for freedom from the anachronisms and shackles of antiquity which clogged its moral development, and in this positive sense all belligerents, wittingly or unwittingly, are fighting largely for the same cause, even as the issues seem to grow more complex and insoluble and there would no longer seem to be any reason in us or any semblance of Christianity. None the less, the great paradoxes of the war are straightening out, as it were. Russia has to-day struck a great blow for Man. Hitherto she has been the anomaly in the concord of Liberation; now she can claim to inspire it. It is an immense advance. With one bound Europe has progressed a century. The moral balance of the Entente is redressed, and receives for the first time a scientific inspiration, for which the Russians have to thank the German Emperor. Russia's self-victory is the measure of Germanic defeat. It leaves Germany alone and at issue with her own intrinsic

truth, as against mediæval Hohenzollernism, with the discrepancy between the Germany of Kant and Kaiser as revealed by the hideous moral and mental abnormity of that function which at all costs Europe, in the travail of her regeneration, must cut out from the concepts of mankind. The crown must surely weigh heavily on the Kaiser's head to-day. The spirits he has conjured up threaten to convulse him. It is not the least paradox of the war that those spirits, struck from the madness of Pan-Germanism, should light the candle of the new Europe in Russia, who henceforth enters the brotherhood of the West and the new scientific civilisation.

These things we can see forming and formulating around us concurrently with the straining of the old values and valuations there where circumstance is less exacting or the conditions are less scientific. Already a higher moral purpose seems to be shaping the course of Europe, as it were, in her own despite, and this of Russia is one. It is in substance the meaning of the war, no matter what delimitations of land or interest are framed as its result to satisfy this or that victorious or defeated War Office. The physical achievements of man are transitory, that is all; and as it is the Liberty, the scientific Liberty, of Europe that is at stake, whether the war be judged as a national struggle, a commercial struggle, or one specifically of power, that is the issue which Europe has to decide for her own moral and equilibrium. In challenging old Europe, the Kaiser made the fatal mistake of forgetting the new spirit of science which to-day regards him as an anachronism. That was Germany's supreme crime. She sought to stay the march of her own truth, of the world's progress, for nothing more than a vanity. To-day the vanities and the props of vanities are tumbling down. We heard its cry in the passionate speech of the German Chancellor as to the future liberties of Germany. We see its incidence above the passion and delirium of battle in the case of poor Ireland.

Let us not mistake the symptom. Reduced to its minimum, the question of Ireland is merely the demand of a fine-tempered, imaginative, and heroic people to govern

themselves, even as we to-day witness the renascence of a torn and constricted Poland for self-government and self-expression. In all essentials the Irish difficulty is a Feudal legacy, a border-feud problem; for in these days the religious question can no longer be regarded as determinative either temporally or spiritually. No doubt also it is commercial, but then so is almost every question to-day, including war itself, which practically can only be waged in modern conditions by a few of the Great Powers. Now in his latest utterance the Prime Minister has practically associated himself with the claim of the minority, which, paradoxically enough, is contrary to the whole principle of English Parliamentary life, which is governed by the majority. Technically, therefore, Ulster's standpoint is at once un-English and unconstitutional, but the point is that an English Government should accept such a standpoint in actual defiance of the principles of its own constitution and the basic springs of our British civilisation. The technical difficulty is, in truth, an artifice. It is not one that we at this solemn hour can afford to give play to.

The technical side of an Irish settlement is in reality merely politics, but to-day we live in times of cosmic convulsions and of the ideals that spring from them. Those men who think that a little more materialism or prosperity of the Belfast type is the solution for Ireland ignore not only the idiosyncrasy of the Irish, but the whole significance of the great world-war. It is not *money* the Irish want. It is not commercialism they are looking for. The Irish ideal (and demand) is the ideal of the war: it also is an issue of Feudalism. Their faith is Ireland; the right of self-expression, of self-development; and men who imagine that all the Irish require to make them happy is a Diet to play with and a little more commercial prosperity under the august patronage, say, of a Duke or unemployed Prince, can have but little knowledge of Irish character, still less of the development of Sinn Fein, the cry of which is not so much "Home Rule" as "country."

At this hour an Imperial Conference is sitting, or is about to sit, in which grave questions of Imperial Federation and economy will be discussed. We, the public,

Democracy (so-called), know nothing about it. It will discuss we know not what, and that though India is likely to play a not inconsiderable part in the debates, indeed, India and Ireland seem both destined to appear behind the Presidential chair at the Congress in the likeness of Banquo's ghost. It is time we here knew more about these matters. So far as Ireland is concerned, we have the Australian petition to grant Ireland her autonomy; we have voices here petitioning the Government to abandon the Feudal attitude of border politics and place the Irish question manfully on the Congress table. And we threaten a General Election!

Is it conceivable that a Celtic Prime Minister can refuse to do for Ireland what he and his Party did with unexampled success for the Boers? Are we to admit bankruptcy of sagacity and statesmanship because of a minority, whereas we are ruled or misruled by majorities? Are we, before the gesture of Russian freedom, to play the Feudal string while the spirit of the war marches on with, yet against, us? For that is what we have to consider. Our Colonial and Imperial representatives are with us. What will these men think of England, if England shows herself unable to understand her own Imperial idea, her own principle of civilisation? This Irish question will be a test of our British truth. All America is watching our attitude. The whole of Empire is wondering at that insular blindness which still treats Ireland as a Cromwellian buttock of the Realm to be damned and cudgelled for its Papistry. Is General Smuts to be the newspaper darling of the hour while Ireland is handled like a naughty child? Have we no statesman who can shake off the blight of Front Bench opportunism and show some vision, some competency of Imperial greatness? The sands are running out. Sinn Fein is growing rapidly; it is becoming the religion of irredentist Ireland, and behind it, lighting the beacons of revolt, are the Irish women. Our failure can but lead to one result—revolution. Let us not deceive ourselves with commercial notions of smug political compromise. The Irish want Ireland, and they will get their want. It is the spirit of the hour, the cognisance of the war already taking form and substance throughout the whole of Europe,

reverberating now back to us from the steppes of Siberia and the dungeons of Absolutism, heralding the great release of old Feudal Europe from the darkness of her shams and tyrannies. The East of Europe is free. Her Western extremity is Ireland, half-way between America and the battleground of Europe, and her cry is the battle-cry of the war for the march and progress of Liberty. To deny it is to deny the spiritualism of our cause. Ireland is the pattern of our Imperial Federation. To deny that also is to jeopardise its very life and continuity.

I think we shall make a serious mistake at this hour if we regard the recent events in Russia as simply a change of war *régime*, like the fall of M. Briand's Government, for it is nothing of the kind. In all probability only a beginning has been made in Russia. What we are witnessing is the *long-expected revolution* which must change not only the whole morphology of Muscovite Russia, but the basic conditions of social and political Europe. I do not believe for a moment that the Revolution has completed its evolution, or that we are even within sight either of its aims or contingencies. We must remember that the new Freedom will open the doors of imprisoned and exiled Russia—intellectual Russia—and that these men will return by the thousands to found and construct a new country and a new philosophy of State. These men are idealists. They are not commercialists. Many of them are Socialists, visionaries, men who have borne outrage, ignominy, and exile for the impersonal cause of country, and who will now return, not to be the pawns of another benevolent despotism, but as the creators of a new Russia.

They are not Imperialists in the old Feudal sense—they stand for Young Russia. What they will do with their new power remains to be seen, but that Young Russia under these men will follow in the wake of Old Russia or of Old Europe is hardly to be expected.* The Russian Revolution has indeed altered the whole aspect of the war and given it a truer and infinitely more hopeful purpose. It is far and away the greatest result so far of Armageddon. Already one can see the outline of a European Republic,

* The abolition of capital punishment is a new start in revolutionary history. People capable of that enlightenment will go far.

a European Federation, a new statement of European morality. It has freed the Jews, thus abolishing one of the last shames of the Feudal State. It will abolish little by little the Russian bureaucracy, the system of personal Government and the police *régime* of "Holy Russia." It is the key to a regenerated, independent Poland. It may yet be the force which will put an end to the war in a way little anticipated by either of the combatant groups.

On the West the Germans have retired, evidently according to a considered strategic plan of campaign designed to lead to a series of battles of more or less open movement with the object of securing a definite decision this summer. Only a very confident leader could have taken such a step. Months ago it was hinted at in the German Press—when the time was ready Hindenburg would choose his own battleground and fight for a decision. Such is obviously the present military position. From the German point of view it would appear good strategy, and I fully expect we shall find the German retirement to be on a big scale, an offensive strategic retreat, with the view of disorganising the Allied plans of campaign and regaining the initiative of open movement with what elements of surprise and enveloping attack the circumstances and conditions may permit. Already it is clear that the fighting this spring and summer will no longer have the characteristics of positional war, and that pure strategy will once more come into its own. We may assume that political considerations have hastened this movement—considerations of economic distress due to our Blockade and the disastrous effects of a prolongation of the war into next year. All the indices, military and political, point in fine to the determination on the part of the enemy to try open conclusions, to manœuvre for a decision which inevitably must militarily define the issue of the war even if it be continued into another year. And now that Russia has entered the list of the constitutional nations, we may be sure that the last stronghold of Feudalism will fight with the full force of its stratocracy for that issue which can alone uphold it.

We may take it as axiomatic that the Germans will follow their leaders as long as they believe in them, which

question may not improbably be decided this summer. That the Russian Revolution will affect Germany is inevitable, though the symptoms may not be apparent yet awhile, possibly not at all till after the war. In the event of attrition, however, the repercussion of New Russia must react upon Europe, and if the war lasted long enough it would not surprise me to see the Democracies of Europe seizing the power of government in their own hands and bringing the war so to a conclusion. New Russia is the great incalculable factor in the position to-day, and her possibilities are as vast as they are as yet unknown. Courts, chanceries, politicians, and soldiers will do well to reflect upon the new power which has come into old Europe, for the new power preconditions the birth of a new valuation of values, a new belief, and a new spiritualism. It is not religion that has brought this about. It is the elemental force of circumstance, and its creed is the spirit of Man. Young Russia proclaims the fall of Feudalism from Wladivostok to Tipperary, the beginning of the end of effete and dynastic Europe groaning under the anachronisms and the survivals of incongruous institutions.

Let us greet New Russia. Let us wish these men returning from their prisons and exile the strength to carry out the nobility of their sacrifice in the name of the New Europe that is to be. Let us think as well. Here also we shall shortly demand a new affirmation of government, a new polity and a new policy. Here also there is work to be done when the soldiers return and the spiritual aftermath of the war recreates and fashions in our midst. In this work Ireland stands in the forefront of our construction. Imperial Britain watches curiously our indecision, our lack of vision, our thraldom to a border-feud idea, and she does not understand. As things are in Europe, Ireland is the pivot of our Empire, for the old English-Irish question is dead. To-day Ireland is an Imperial truth and an Imperial consequence. No man, no Government, can stay the march of events as they will issue from the present conflagration, and if the politicians attempt it they will do so at their peril. As Young Russia has decreed the knell of Feudalism, so Ireland too must be free, even as the war will give freedom to Europe.

Offensive or Defensive?

By Major Stuart-Stephens

THE German retreat raises the question whether it is possible that an elaborate surprise in the field of the Western Front has been prepared for us by the German Greater General Staff. But why surprise? Because it is the most potent factor in the greatest of all games. In it lies the foundation of all great operations, for without this factor the preponderance at the point that counts is not properly conceivable. And preponderance at the decisive hour is what the Prussian always aims at in tactics as well as in strategy. We "maffick" when reading of the utterly misnamed enemy "retreat," but we fail to remember that an army that has retired and awaits attack may aim at obtaining the advantages of surprise just as much as an army moving to attack. The example of the luring into Portugal of Massena by Wellington and the dispositions of Lee in the first year and a half of the great American Civil War are cases in point, as also is the political bait dangled before the eyes of Russia by Japan, which drew the late Tsar's Siberian Army into Korea. What, for example, were the main causes of the Russian General Staff's defeat in Manchuria? Was it not that the lessons of the eternal principles of strategy were ignored, and that the Tsar believed that a new military Power would attempt to carry out some newly invented plan of campaign instead of, as the Japanese did, stick to the immemorial A B C of greater strategy, which is the application on the very largest scale of plain common sense?

The eternal principles of strategy! The lesson of that extraordinarily disastrous Muscovite-Manchurian War is the most recent example that, though tactics are governed by minor considerations, such as the improvement of fighting weapons, from the three little cannon of Cressy to the 17-in.

Austrian howitzer, under which the defences of Liége soared to the nether blue, or the this or that of the value of subordinate leadership, the immemorial principles on which are founded the oft-misunderstood term "greater strategy" still remain as fixed and unalterable as the planets in the outer firmament. I have alluded to the now classic lesson as taught by the Japanese in the Farthest East. There the army of the Rising Sun dealt a strategic blow at mighty Russia which, as in the campaign of 1894–5, proved to be effective in smashing up another idol with feet of clay—that of the Middle Kingdom. In the mid 'nineties Japan held the mouth of the Yulu with her locally superior naval power, crossed the river higher up, and sent the Chinese packing. It was the obvious thing to do, as it also was when, detail by detail, she followed the same mode of action in the earlier years of the present century. Let us endeavour to conceive what this third phase of the greatest of all the world's wars ought to assume according to the grey matter of the German Greater General Staff. To me it is fairly obvious. All the circumstances being taken into consideration, is not the so-called enemy's retreat a case of an army prolonging its retrograde movement with the object of placing itself across its antagonist's most vital line of communications? The question may appear to some of my readers a Gilbertian one. Are not both armies formed on a parallel front? Then why, if a retreat over a considerable area of the alignment takes place, should we not expect a further withdrawal, ending most probably in a general *débâcle*? The answer is that no retreat has as yet been apparent. The whole of our Press labelled the new German movement as a retreat, without any warrant save that of the desire to jollify the British reader, to induce him to believe what is supposed to be good for him to believe. Thus far there are no evidences of retreat in the true meaning of the term. True, the long-held-up mounted arm is once more in the limelight. *L'arme blanche* will once more assert itself in what will prove to be the beginning of the end. "The beautiful white weapon will vindicate itself" is the chorus of my friends in the British and French cavalry Services. Yet I see no likelihood of any such activity in the near future. I am writing on March 12th, when it is announced that our cavalry are on the heels of the Hun.

How many of our troopers are engaged on this work? Just detachments employed in maintaining touch with the enemy's rearguards, who are in process of orderly withdrawal to a deliberately prepared new alignment. And so, I dare to say, will be the task that our own and the French mounted arm will find still imposed upon them when these pages appear in print. The conditions of the terrain are unsuitable; the withdrawing enemy is not to be scared at present by the glint of waving steel.

Let us endeavour to place ourselves in the position of the enemy. He is almost desperate at the spectacle of still more opponents coming into the field. America in the near future will have to be reckoned with as a military factor. Obviously a favourable decision will have to be obtained on land by the Hun, or he will go under. His policy is to cut short this prolonged war of attrition, and that by one of those defensive-offensive strokes so familiar to students of German strategic methods. Is it not possible that the retirement from a parallel fixed position will be to other than further parallel lines? The lessons of strategy as applied to the present situation forbid such a sweeping conclusion. Does not the much discussed operation foreshadow that as a development of the refusal of the German left flank a complementary advance will later on occur of the right, and the vast movement will pivot on Lille or thereabouts as the most convenient *point d'appui*? This trick has been tried over and over again in the great campaigns of the past, and has most generally been successful. The essence of success in swinging forward a flank while the reverse is retired, not in forced retreat, is concentration on the threatened flank of the enemy; sooner or later one will read of a rapid accession taking place on the German northern front of British and French lines. And then may be witnessed the attempt to prolong the enemy's line across the life-artery of rail and river that links Paris with the ports of Brittany and Normandy. And might not such a scheme include a forlorn hope of the Kaiser's High Sea Fleet to seize our Channel Isles? Surely this ultimate death-grapple between unscientific civilisation and scientific barbarism (monstrous paradox!) will in its final round give the neutral audience some thrilling surprises. Which also is the soul of strategy.

Premium Bonds

By Raymond Radclyffe

An agitation is being engineered by a certain clique of people in favour of Premium Bonds. Mr. Bonar Law has declared that he has an open mind on the subject. This has been interpreted favourably. The clique go about saying that the Government will bring in a Bill to make this form of gambling legal. I cannot believe it. We are certain to have a General Election shortly. Perhaps before these lines are in print the date of the election may be announced. I do not think that any Government would waste their time over a Bill to legalise lotteries when it was wondering whether it would be in office when the first Premium Bond issue was made. Therefore I think that the advocates of a Premium Bond are a little too previous. Nevertheless, it is quite true that the man in the street likes a gamble, and would gladly put a few hundreds into a Bond issue if he thought he was going to get back as many thousands. Nearly everybody likes a gamble. But that does not mean that gambling is a thing to be encouraged by the State. Wrap it up however you may, a Premium Bond issue is only a shade removed from a lottery. In Hungary and in Spain we find State lotteries. But these countries are hardly examples of financial strength. Great Britain has always led the world in finance. She has kept her character for honesty, and her men of business long ago decided that lotteries were not only illegal, but stupid.

The agitation in favour of a Premium Bond issue is being run by those who cannot think clearly in matters of finance. They see that we are spending six millions a day (or is it seven millions?), and they think that any kind of loan is better than no loan at all. That is where they are wrong. A loan is only a credit. It does not increase the amount of wealth in the country, unless, of course, foreigners subscribe. The whole art of finance is to borrow

as cheaply as possible. Now there is nothing more expensive than a Premium Bond issue. It is very necessary to our credit to keep loans as near the issue price as possible. It is impossible to keep a Premium Bond issue at any price at all. As soon as the series has been drawn and the prizes paid, the price of that series tumbles to a figure commensurate with the value of money. Thus you may get a Premium Bond issue bearing interest at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., in which "A" series, which has already been drawn, stands at 50, whereas "B" series, which has not been drawn, stands at 100. Thus the people who subscribe for an issue at par and do not succeed in drawing a prize find their capital reduced by 50 per cent. in value. This is not a pleasant outlook. No serious person would subscribe any large sum to a Premium Bond issue, and no banker would lend more than the rate of interest (ex-prizes) would justify. If we had a Premium Bond issue amounting to one hundred millions, when all the prizes were drawn the value of that issue in the market would only be fifty millions, supposing, that is, that the interest was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Therefore it would be impossible to make a large issue or obtain any important sum of money by means of Premium Bonds. As such issues are only made by second-rate Continental cities who have exhausted their credit, or by fifth-rate countries who have hardly any credit at all, then the issue by Great Britain of Premium Bonds would lower her credit to that of Hungary or some similar State.

The fact is, Premium Bonds are a humbug. They are a sort of financial trap. If we make an issue at par bearing 3 per cent. and give away 2 per cent. in prizes, it simply means that everyone who subscribes contributes towards the prizes. Educated people understand this. I am perfectly willing to admit that the working-classes would gladly subscribe to a Premium Bond issue if the Bonds could be sold in £1 lots, and if there were large numbers of small prizes. But those who have had experience of such issues are well aware that the expense of paying out interest on such small amounts is almost prohibitive. Before Mr. Bonar Law decides to make a Premium Bond issue he should consult with the small foreign bankers in provincial towns who have had experience in such matters as Premium Bonds. He would find that although they found no diffi-

culty in obtaining good subscriptions, they had been compelled to abandon this method of raising money because the expenses were enormous.

If we wish to make a Premium Bond issue a success we must establish a network of agents throughout the whole of the Kingdom, whose business it will be to sell the Bonds on a commission basis. These agents will also have to arrange about the paying of the prizes, and will have to help the Chancellor in many ways. They will require a handsome commission. The Prudential and other industrial insurance companies can tell Mr. Bonar Law all about such commissions and expenses. They have had experience. They have the agents, and if I were a Chancellor who had been forced by some foolish people into making a Premium Bond issue I should put the matter into the hands of the Prudential and pay them a commission on the result. It would be certainly almost impossible for the Treasury to tap the poorer classes in any other way. A Chancellor who made a Premium Bond issue for the purpose of tapping the wealthier classes would deserve to go into a lunatic asylum. This sounds a harsh phrase. But it is true, and the result of the last Victory Loan proves it. In that Loan the Chancellor, acting against the advice of the whole banking world, made the rate of interest 5 per cent. He achieved a gigantic success. He obtained a thousand millions of new money from the wealthy and the educated middle-classes. The working-classes came in with a little bit, but it was only a fleabite. The last Loan showed us that if cleverly managed there is no limit to the amount of money that this nation will not put up when inspired by patriotism. It does not care a rap for interest. It wants to win the war. It knows that the war cannot be won without loans, and it will therefore find whatever it is asked to find. Why, therefore, bother about such complicated and expensive methods of raising money as Premium Bonds?

I am very much afraid that the agitation in favour of Premium Bonds has been got up by people who smell jobs. There is a lot of money in a Premium Bond issue for the people who make it and run it. There is very little in it for the unfortunate Government or municipality that is deluded into attempting to raise the wind in this manner. That is why the Bonds have gone out of fashion.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

NOTHING MATTERS. By SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

Here is a book to read in these times, for it is the book of a personality. Sometimes astonishingly good, though lacking in true craft and the penman's sense of omission. Yet it grips; it is like a good bottle of wine aromatic and inspiriting, even in the *invraisemblance* of what seems, though it may not be, a theatrical over-accentuation. The "Stuffed Mouse" story is the best from the literary point of view of compression and effect; it is quite a Maupassant achievement, but most of the stories have a peculiar *macabre* atmosphere and the proportion of the footlights. Sir Herbert is a kindly and worldly critic. He can get into other men's minds and (may we say it?) he understands women. And in this tome he sits on a throne, as it were, and narrates; almost one can see the author throwing out his hands, thinking aloud to us. Without a doubt he has something of the touch and feeling of his brother Max. His stories take us out of our war anguish. They make one think that if Sir Herbert had not been an actor, he would have been a writer. We hope he has more to produce.

CHARLES LISTER: LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS. With a Memoir by his father, LORD RIBBLESDALE. Fisher Unwin. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

OF the many tributes to the heroic dead that the war has brought to us, none have been more eloquent than this profoundly moving book. Those who recall Charles Lister, whom to know seems to have been universally to love, will admit it a worthy memorial of that most gracious and graceful personality. The chief part of the volume is taken up with the memoir of Charles written (with singular charm, and even at times a touch of whimsical humour very poignant here) by his father. There are also chapters on his Eton, Oxford, and Italian days from those who best knew him in those phases. The result is a wholly lovable portrait of a youth who, gifted by the gods with every advan-

tage of birth, education, and character, might well have developed into one of the foremost figures of our time. The end, however, has been different, though not less fine, than that which those who watched and loved him looked to see. The final chapters of the book, made up for the most part of letters, tell how that end came in the Dardanelles, whither young Lister went as one of the Hood Battalion of the R.N.D.; that company of noble and gloriously happy boys (Rupert Brooke and Denis Browne were of their number) whom one so vividly remembers setting forth like another band of Argonauts; already touched, even in actual appearance, with some brightening of the radiance that was to invest them with the eternal youth of legend. A courageous and most heartening book, since it tells of a short life so finely lived. A. E.

POETRY

POEMS AND SONNETS. By the HON. GRACE TOLLEMACHE. London: Ouseley and Son.

A pleasant volume of tuneful, if not specially inspired, verse. On the whole, we prefer the writer in her longer poems. A little sonnet is a dangerous thing, and somewhat fatally suggestive of comparisons with the great in this kind. But there are many pages upon which a simple (at times, perhaps, obvious) thought is very happily set to melodious words. One might quote in example the quite graceful poem bearing the title "To Her Gown on Laying it By." Here is a touch of Herrick; answered by another in "Spring and Midlife":

> "For when in Spring there's no awaking
> An answering Springtime in our hearts,
> The sweet birds' songs will set them aching
> And hawthorn scents can pierce like darts."

It is to be hoped that this slender volume will find a welcome, if only to reward the courage that dictated its appearance at this time.

WAR

WAR AND THE FUTURE. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6*s*. net.

An extraordinarily characteristic work. Mr. Wells has "grown" since his last war-book appeared a few months

ago; he has studied war on the spot, his orientation is wider. Almost pathetically he complains of his prophetic mishaps; he seems almost sorry for himself that the Germans will not comply with the pronouncements of fiction, and catching Mr. Wells in this attitude, one does not know whether to laugh at such *naïveté* or denounce him for amateurishness, which in the case of a sociologist and thinker is an abuse of trust. But to criticise Wells is to show a want of humour. His real genius is discovery—revelation, and where we have this vivid writer as an observer, as a word-painter, as the child-man seeing war as it is, then he is admirable, and explains many things other writers have failed to see or reproduce, and all these pictures are sound and delightful. On spurs, for instance, Mr. Wells is at his best. His penetrating mind has seized upon a real thing there. He revels in it. This passage ought to be placarded in the War Office. When the author hazards judgments, he is almost invariably on thin ice. He calls Hindenburg a "timber" idol. He evidently expects Mr. George's "knock-out" this summer as the result of aeroplanes—does Mr. Wells know the present position of aircraft? He thinks Germans cannot be good airmen—well, our airmen don't say so. And, as might have been expected, the Tanks rouse all his imaginative fervour. Finally, he seems to have become converted to some idea of a People's God, quite forgetting that so long as nations have boundaries and flags and patriotism no God or any manner of Gods will abolish war, which is merely the continuation of the national argument when words and protocols have failed. But Mr. Wells is invariably interesting, and there is a lot of very good stuff in this curious amalgam of genius and insular amateurishness wrestling with the problem of another war-book.

CANADA CHAPS. By J. G. SIME. The Bodley Head. 1*s.* net.

This little book is the fourth of the "Chaps" books, and is just as acceptable and readable as the tales of Kitchener, Joffre, and Russian Chaps which are published at the same price. There are many intimate and human sketches of the boys from overseas—boys who have dared

all and done their duty without any awards or honours. "Canada" is one of the most impressive stories in the collection, but there are many which will bring a catch in the throat and a thrill of pride in the heart of the reader.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE. By VLADISLAV R. SADIC. Chapman and Hall, Ltd. *7s. 6d.* net.

This is the Pan-Slav case ably presented, if marred here and there by sentimental appeals to British sensationalism such as that of Nurse Cavell. Otherwise it is a really interesting work, informative and constructive, and should unquestionably be read by all who wish to understand the complex nature of Balkan politics and the derivative ethnographic problems which, it is to be hoped, the war may help to solve with some hope of security. The Jugo-Slav idea cannot be criticised here. Its precondition is a settlement which detaches Hungary from Austria, liberates Bohemia, gives Constantinople to Russia, enlarges Roumania and decreases Bulgaria, and denationalises Salonika under Franco-British control; it thus postulates the complete break up of the Austrian Empire, likewise depriving Italy of her strategic claims upon the Adriatic, on the Dalmatian coast, and very likely it is an ideal reconstruction. One question arises which seems to demand consideration: the natural law of life, which, quite particularly in the commercial epoch, is against the existence of little strengths and businesses, as we see in the case of Trusts in America and the whole idea of Imperialism. That is the real difficulty. For the moment we will leave it at that. Will the peace of Europe be more secure under a mosaic of little peoples? We recommend this illuminating work as a valuable contribution to the subject.

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PRINTED IN GT. BRITAIN BY R. CLAY AND SONS, LTD., BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., LONDON, S.E. 1,
AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 19 GARRICK ST., LONDON, W.C. 2.
ADVERTISING OFFICES: 19 GARRICK STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE.
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.